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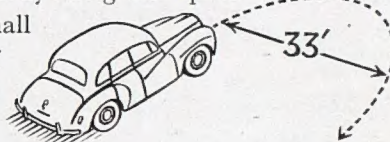
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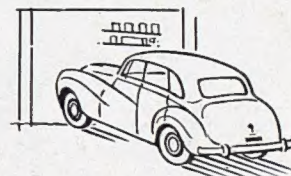
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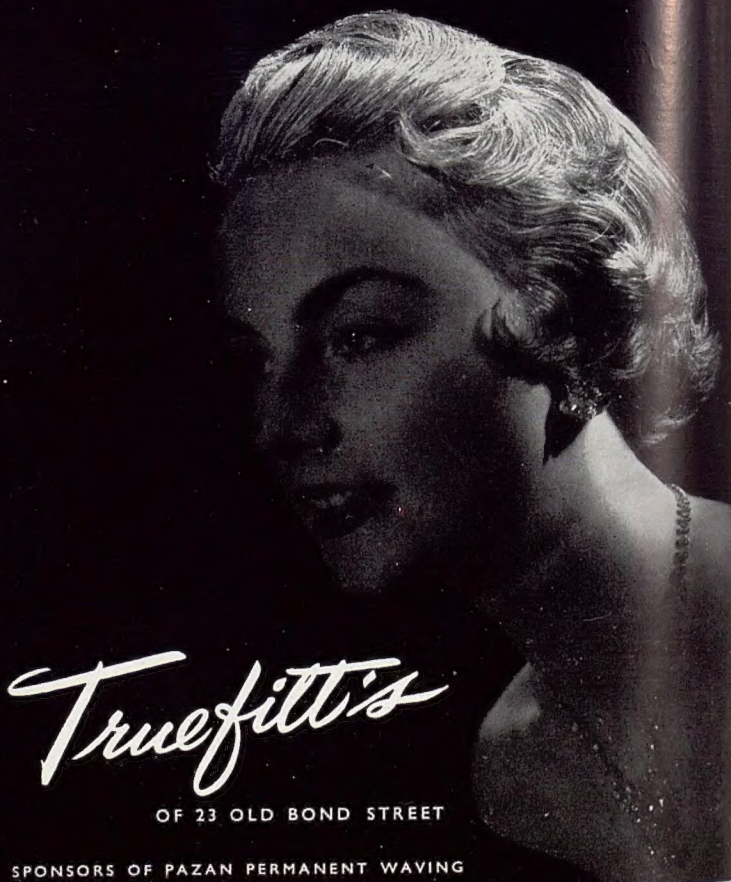
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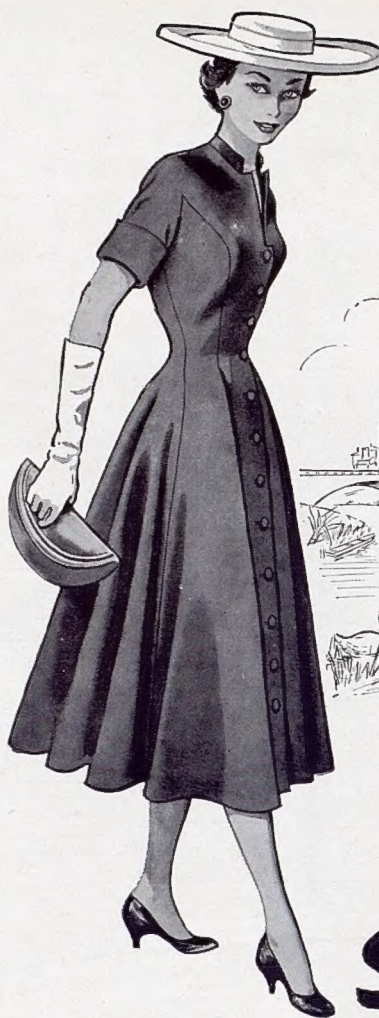
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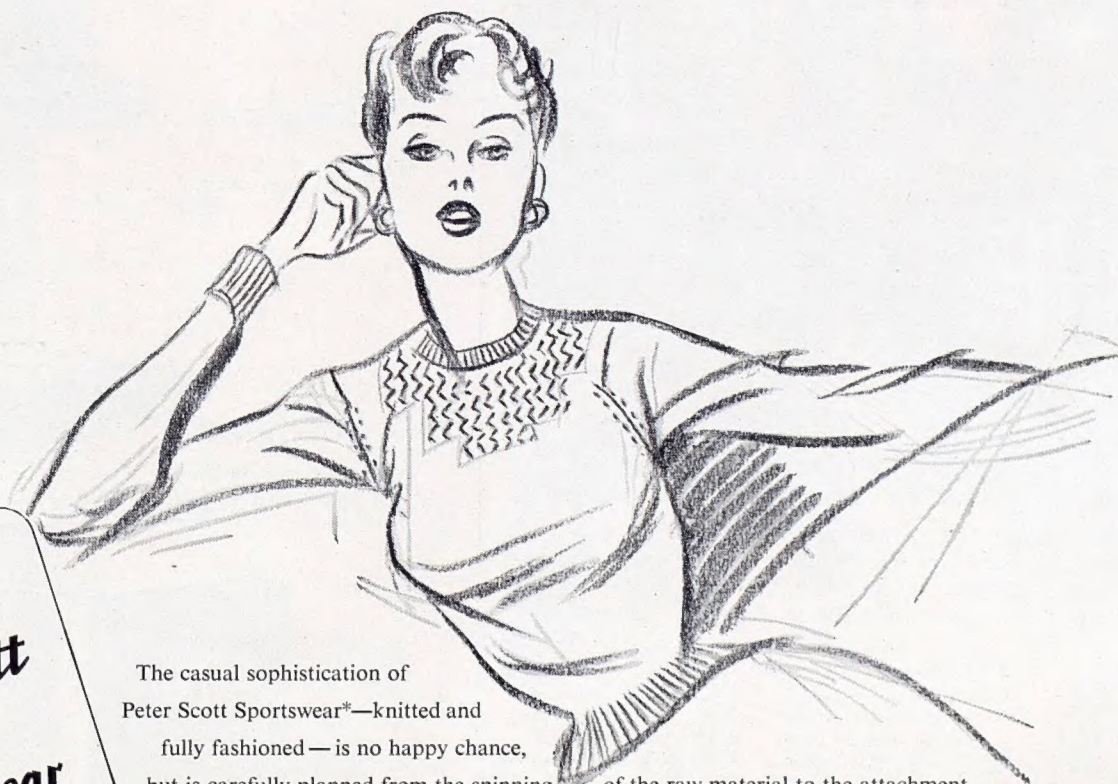


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TOBRUK — THE QUEEN'S ACT OF REMEMBRANCE

WHEN the Queen arrived at Tobruk on her homeward journey, her chief care was to visit the cemetery where lie the men of many nations whose defence made its name glorious. She is here leaving after laying a wreath of poppies on the Stone of Remembrance. With Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh are Admiral Sir M. E. Dunbar-Nasmith, V.C., Vice-chairman of the Imperial War Graves Commission, and General Sir Charles Keightley, G.C.B., C.-in-C. Middle East Land Forces

The Britannia Heads North

Next week's issue of The TATLER will contain special pictures of the great home-coming now being prepared for the Queen

AT this moment the Royal yacht Britannia is steaming northwards off the Atlantic coast of Europe, bringing back the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh with their children after one of the most strenuous and successful Royal tours ever undertaken. They bring with them the gift of enormously strengthened goodwill to this country from the Commonwealth.

★ ★ ★

I STAYED on in Ireland for a couple of days after the Dewey-Boylan wedding for the first day of Punchestown. This is always one of the gayest weeks of the year in Eire, as not only are there the two days racing over the unique Punchestown course, which includes terrifying-looking banks and ditches, a stone wall and strongly made National Hunt fences, but there are dances each evening.

After the first day's racing there was the Polo Ball at Marley Grange, kindly lent by Mr. and Mrs. Edge, and the following night the Kildare Hunt Ball took place at Naas, while two nights later many went down to Co. Wexford for the Wexford Hunt Ball. This was held in Lord and Lady Templemore's lovely home Dunbrody Park, Arthurstown. During my stay I motored into Dublin for the opening of the 125th exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy of Arts in the National College of Art, the Irish equivalent to the private view of our Royal Academy at Burlington House four days later. A picturesque touch is given to the opening of the Hibernian Academy by the R.H.A.s, who line up wearing their crimson gowns. I reflected how much gayer a scene it would be if Sir Gerald Kelly, Sir Alfred Munnings, Sir William Russell Flint and some of our other senior R.A.s appeared in the Galleries at Burlington House in similar raiment.

THE President of the Republic of Ireland and Mrs. Sean O'Kelly were at the opening and were received by the President, Mr. John Keating, Lady Glenavy and other academicians. One of the first pictures I saw was a fine portrait of Sir Malcolm Sargent painted by Sir Gerald Kelly, who is an honorary member. Nearby was a striking portrait by Mr. George Collie, R.H.A., of His Eminence Cardinal John D'Alton in his scarlet robes, and another of Senator E. A. Maguire by Leo Whelan, R.H.A., who has six works in the exhibition. Other pictures I noticed were a charming, peaceful scene entitled "In The Park" by Frank McKelvey, R.H.A., "The Road To Boston" and "The Playboy" both by Mr. John Keating, P.R.H.A., and two drawings by Sean O'Sullivan, one a child's head, and another of Mr. Harold Guinness.

PUNCHESTOWN opened in bright and sunny weather although a cold east wind was blowing. This event was also attended by the President and Mrs. O'Kelly who lunched with the stewards before racing. In the Kildare Street Club luncheon room I met Lady Worsley who was over staying with friends, and the Hon. Mrs. William Macauley who was staying for the week, her brother the Hon. Julian Berry and his wife, and also Lt.-Cdr. and the Hon. Mrs. Osborne King who were down from Northern Ireland. Others I saw were Mr. and Mrs. Nesbit Waddington who have just moved into a charming new home, Beaulieu in Co. Kildare, which I was told is one of the only two Carolean houses in Ireland, Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Du Buisson, and Mrs. Benjamin Plunket looking neat in a grey suit checked with yellow and a small yellow hat. She came with her sister-in-law, Countess Fitzwilliam, also in grey with a cherry red cap and scarf, who told me her daughter Lady Juliet Fitzwilliam was now back at Oxford where she is studying for a degree.

Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy, looking very chic in a grey woollen dress with a jewelled cream satin cap and silver fox stole, was having a long talk to the President and Mrs. O'Kelly between races. She and her husband, Mr. Dermot McGillicuddy, who is one of the stewards of the Kildare Hunt Races, had a house party at Bishops Court for the week. Other Kildare Hunt stewards included Baron de Roebeck, whose wife and two young sons were also racing, Capt. Gerald Dunne, Lt.-Col. C. Mitchell and Major Michael Beaumont, who is joint-Master of the Kildare Hounds with his charming wife. She came racing each day, wearing a surgical collar to support her injured neck, the result of a recent hunting fall.

RACING was good and we saw some useful 'chasers performing. Among the most outstanding perhaps was the Hon. Justice Wylie's six-year-old 'chaser Rushvale who won the £600 Maiden Plate of four miles over the Conyngham Cup course in the most convincing style, although it was only his third appearance on a racecourse. He is a big, bold jumper and one we may surely

(Continued on page 338)



As the Queen nears home, her achievement becomes ever clearer. This picture of her at a Malta reception reveals the charm and Royal dignity which has captivated her subjects wherever she has travelled



Military parades are a frequent source of pleasure to the Royal children, but there are few they have enjoyed more than that at Malta, when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh reviewed the combined Services at Floriana. Here they are seen—perhaps a little disconcerted by the intense sunshine—walking with the Governor, H.E. Sir Gerald Creasy, K.C.M.G., to the parade

RACING IN THE SUN AT PUNCHESTOWN

THE spring meeting at Punchestown is always one of the happiest in the Irish racing calendar, and this year good spirits were augmented by bright sunshine as well as excellent racing. Some of the most promising horses in Ireland were engaged in the combined card of fourteen events



Mr. R. W. McKeever, the G.R., who rode his own Saint Jane in the Courtown Plate, with his wife in the saddling enclosure



Mrs. Pat Hogan, the owner and point-to-point rider, chatting with Mrs. Andrew Levins Moore from Co. Kildare



In the members' enclosure Mrs. Villiers Stuart, from Co. Waterford, was talking to Lady Grattan-Bellew



Miss Pat Smythe (second from right), the famous English rider, was attending her first Punchestown in company with Mr. Claude Odum from Naas, Mrs. Odum and Lady Stewart-Richardson (right), wife of Sir Ian Stewart-Richardson, Bt.

Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

Bleak Weather For "2000"

see winning good races at Cheltenham and perhaps Aintree in the future. Judge Wylie, who is undoubtedly one of the finest judges of a horse in the country, was also delighted at the success of Venetian Law in the Prince of Wales plate, as he had recently bought this 'chaser for his new owner, Major Alan Wood, who was over from England for the meeting with his wife, and seeing his horse for the first time.

The big crowd, many of whom climbed to the top of the Hunt stand for each race, where there is a wonderful view of the course, included Lord Daresbury, Lady Helena Hilton-Green in grey, the Earl and Countess of Fingall, Capt. Aiden Roark, who was one of our leading polo players in prewar days with a handicap of ten, Lord Rossmore, Capt. and Mrs. Victor McCalmont, Major and Mrs. Harold Boyd-Rochfort, Mr. John Wylie, Col. Hill-Dillon (another very fine judge of a horse), Major and Mrs. John Alexander, who had a runner in the third race, and Col. Dan Corry, captain of the Irish Show Jumping team, who was saying what a great loss the horse world had suffered by the tragic death of the young rider Capt. Tubridy, for many years a valued member of the Irish team. He had left it only a few months ago to manage a stud, where, said Colonel Corry, he was sure to have made as great a success as he did in show rings all over the world.

AFTER racing I flew home so that I could go down to Newmarket next morning for the Two Thousand Guineas. Here, as at Punchestown, the going was terribly hard, and the day was cold, too, with a strong east wind blowing. But this had not stopped a big gathering coming to see the first of the classics which was won by Sir Percy Loraine's Darius, who beat the young Comte de Chambure's Feriol with the Aga Khan's Poona third. All the keenest regular racegoers were there including the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, the Earl and Countess of Durham and their younger son the Hon. John Lambton, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, the latter in a brilliant pink coat, Sir Malcolm and Lady McAlpine, Lord and Lady Manton, Sir Richard Sykes, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Hothfield, the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, Col. Dermot McCalmont, who has owned many good horses, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Lord and Lady George Cholmondeley, the Marquess of Zetland, and Baron de Waldner, who came over from France to see his Damelot run.

Others in the very crowded stand included Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, Sir Eric Miéville, Brig. and Mrs. Wyatt who decided against running their St. Leger winner Premonition as the going was so

hard, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blackwell who have a lovely home within easy distance of Newmarket, Lady Mordaunt who had also motored over with her young sons, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Matthews, and Mr. Archie Kidston with Miss Susie Pease, who were receiving many congratulations on their engagement which had been officially announced that morning.

When the racing had ended I went to see some of the foals at the Terrace House Stud, among these a lovely colt foal, certainly bred to win a classic, by Nimbus out of Zabara. Later I went round the stables at Clarehaven Lodge where Major Geoffrey Brooke has over sixty horses under his charge, all looking in the pink of condition. He has already won several races this season, but also had a maddening run of eleven seconds in succession! Among his owners looking at their horses that evening were the Earl and Countess of Harrington who were over from their home in Ireland for the week, Lady Stafford-King-Harman, Mrs. Durham Matthews and Col. Dermot McCalmont.

★ ★ ★

FROM friends in Scotland I heard about a very pretty wedding which took place in St. Columba's Church, Elgin. This was the marriage of Capt. Ivan Straker, 11th Hussars, son of Major and Mrs. A. C. Straker of Pawston, Mindrum, Northumberland, to Miss Gillian Grant, younger daughter of the late Mr. Lewis Grant, and Mrs. Smith Grant of Orton House, Orton, Moray.

The church was decorated with pink blossom and white lilac and other pink and white flowers and the bride, who was given away by her stepfather Capt. Smith Grant, looked lovely in a dress of finest white lace in a rose design, of which each rose had been embroidered in silver, made with long tight sleeves and a long train. Her short tulle veil which was mounted on a tiny petal head-dress was caught each side by diamond clips, and she wore a diamond and pearl necklace, a present from her grandmother Mrs. Robert Anderson.

THE picturesque bridal retinue started with two small pages wearing silk shirts and the Grant kilt. They were the Master of Polwarth and Michael Wood. The bridesmaids, who wore blue silk organza dresses with head-dresses of shaded cherry coloured flowers and carried matching bouquets, were Miss Mary McCorquodale, Miss Sarah Platt, Miss Jane Mackessack, Miss Susan Mackessack, Miss Olivia Stedall and Miss



The Earl of Donoughmore from Clonmel, Co. Tipperary, with the Countess and Mrs. S. Masters



Mrs. Julian Berry, the Hon. Mrs. Oswald King and the Hon. Mrs. William Macauley, daughter of Viscount Camrose



Following a close finish: Lady Windlesham, Mrs. A. F. Hughes-Gibb, the owner, and the Hon. Annabel Hennessy

Penelope Berens, who will be a bride herself during the summer. Her fiancé Mr. "Gerry" Akroyd was among the ushers, who also included the bridegroom's stepbrother Capt. Anthony Hunter, the Hon. Charles Stuart and his twin brother the Hon. James Stuart, Mr. John Mosselmans, and Capt. Macdonald of the Cameron Highlanders who, with the bridegroom, is on the staff of the Governor, Lt.-Gen. Sir Colin Barber, at Edinburgh Castle. Capt. W. K. Trotter, a brother officer of the bridegroom's in the 11th Hussars, was best man.

It was a delightfully sunny day and guests found the grounds and gardens at Orton a brilliant golden carpet, with hundreds of daffodils flowering. Inside the house and in the marquee, which had the sides open, pink and white flowers were everywhere to give a springlike background. Mrs. Smith Grant, very good looking in a dress of cyclamen coloured paper shantung and a little straw hat to match trimmed with a feather, received the guests in the drawing-room with her husband and the bridegroom's parents, Mrs. Straker looking charming wearing a honey coloured coat over a silk dress and small hat to match.

After they had also wished the bride and bridegroom happiness, guests went through into the marquee where the wedding cake was placed in front of a bower of white blossom. Many later went through to the dining-room where the wedding presents were displayed. They were a fortunate young couple in having some lovely gifts. Among these was a car from the bride's stepfather, while Mrs. Smith Grant gave her daughter a diamond and emerald bracelet and her son-in-law a portrait of the bride by Anthony Devas.

Guests at the wedding included the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. Bence-Trower, the bridegroom's brother-in-law and sister Mr. and Mrs. Robert Boswell, the Dowager Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, and the Earl

and Countess of Moray and their daughter Lady Hermione Roberts. Their two sons, Charles and James, were ushers.

Lady Barber came alone, as Lt.-Gen. Sir Colin Barber had to fulfil another engagement, and others there were Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony just back from the South of France, who had the bride at her Cygnets finishing school, Maj.-Gen. John Combe, Colonel of the 11th Hussars, Lord and Lady Polwarth, whose son was a page, Col. and Mrs. Oliver Stedall, Brig. and Mrs. McCorquodale, and in fact nearly everyone who lives in the neighbourhood. Brig. Holdsworth, who is Lord Lieutenant of Morayshire, proposed the health of the young couple who later left for their honeymoon in Paris, driving away in their new car.

In the evening the gardens were floodlit for the dance which Mr. and Mrs. Smith Grant gave to finish off a happy day. Photographs of the wedding will be found on pages 351-3.

★ ★ ★
FEW who go to the private view of the Royal Academy summer exhibition at Burlington House can ever see the pictures properly—but there are always the people! As usual there was a galaxy of spring hats, sombreros, berets, coloured waistcoats, sweeping capes, sandals and even short socks instead of the more conventional nylon stockings worn by most women. A few of the men attended as in prewar days in a morning suit. They included Lord Woolton whom I met going round the galleries with Lady Woolton, who was in grey. The biggest crowd was always round the big State picture of H.M. the Queen in her Coronation dress and robes, painted by James Gunn. I went back several times to look at it again and listen to the comments, never hearing anyone say they liked the picture. Opinion was strongly that it did not do justice to the beauty of the Queen. In the adjoining gallery there is a portrait of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent by Simon

Elwes which received much more favourable comment.

Sir Gerald Kelly who has been such an enterprising President, organizing some superb exhibitions during the past three years, was there greeting friends with Lady Kelly. He has six pictures on view. Lord Bruntisfield I saw walking quietly round the galleries, also Sir William and Lady Fraser and their daughter Joan, Lady Meyer over from Paris for a few days (her husband Sir Anthony Meyer is First Secretary at our Embassy there), Sir Neville and Lady Pearson, Sir Alfred Bosom, M.P., Lady Crosfield, General and Mrs. Brocas Burrows and her brother Mr. Edward Le Bas, who has six pictures hanging in the exhibition, Miss Sally Hollebone who has had two of her paintings accepted, Lord Brabazon of Tara, Cdr. and Mrs. Reginald Duthy and their débutante daughter Fiona, Lady Norman and her daughter-in-law Mrs. Anthony Norman, who was off to her home in the South of France for May, and Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates viewing the State portrait with Mr. and Mrs. Beverley Baxter.

★ ★ ★
MRS. JOSEPH MACKLE gave a delightful cocktail party in her spacious Portland Place flat, where vases of magnificent spring flowers and blossom looked beautiful against the pale green walls, and a pianist and violinist played softly in one corner of the room. The hostess, who looked very chic in a heavily embroidered and beaded fawn satin dress, had her husband and her brother, Mr. George Whitfield, to help her look after their guests who included Lord and Lady Brabazon of Tara, both in great form in spite of the very busy life they lead, Col. Sir Dermot Kavanagh the 'Crown Equerry, who came alone as Lady Kavanagh was ill, Lady Grantchester

[Continued overleaf]



Lady Huggins with her daughter Miss Ruth Huggins. Her other daughter is assistant stage manager



Miss Pamela Wax, Mr. John Hall and Miss Judy Sheffel from New York, a young writer of distinction



Miss Penelope Landeau aged fifteen was at her first first night with her mother, Mrs. Leslie Landeau

Christopher Fry's New Play Opened Before A Brilliant First Night Audience

Social Journal (Contd.)

The Latest Fry Play

and her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. Graeme and the Hon. Mrs. Parish, who told me their little daughter is now toddling well, Sir Christopher Courtney talking to Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony, and Capt. Ronald Bowes-Lyon and his charming wife.

Nearby Lady Bird was having a long talk to Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Tate, the latter wearing a blue mink stole over her black dress. Mrs. Warren Pearl came along for a short while, and others enjoying this very good party included Mr. and Mrs. Francis Fisher, just back from very interesting travels in the Far East including Nepal, Mr. and Mrs. Mather Cordiner, Lady Maclean, and Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Simpson, who are near neighbours.

★ ★ ★

DAME EDITH EVANS was a delight to watch in the rôle of Countess Rosmarin Ostensborg in Christopher Fry's successful new play at the Aldwych *The Dark Is Light Enough*, which had a tremendous reception. Oliver Messel's very clever decoration also came in for great applause each time the curtain went up on a new scene. It was good to see Rose Marchioness of Headfort making her first appearance in the audience after her recent illness. She was talking in the interval to Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook and Mrs. Beatrice Moresby who have all been out in the sunshine of Jamaica this last winter.

The Dowager Countess of Cromer I met on her way to her seat in the stalls, and others enjoying the play were Lord Gifford and his young nephew Mr. Pat Allen who had just arrived from Sydney, Mr. Hardy Amies, Mrs. Aileen Plunket looking very pretty in a red evening dress, and Lady Huggins accompanied by her youngest daughter. Her second daughter Cherry is understudying in the play and is one of the assistant stage managers.

A few nights earlier I had been to see the Moscow State Dance Company who are giving a short season at the Stoll Theatre. The audience on the opening night included M. Malik, the Soviet Ambassador, Sir David Kelly our former Ambassador in Moscow with Lady Kelly, and our own superb ballerina Margot Fonteyn. This is certainly a most refreshingly different show to anything we have seen on the stage before. The colouring is brilliant, the rhythm and precision superb, and the dancers—they are all girls—fresh and pretty. I found it altogether a most interesting and enjoyable performance.

Pictures of this first night will be found on page 343.

★ ★ ★

SIR DAVID MAXWELL FYFE is to be the guest of Honour at a dinner and dance at the Hyde Park Hotel on May 20, in connection with the Girls' Training Corps expansion scheme. Besides dancing to a good band, there is to be a cabaret. Mrs. Smith-Ryland is chairman of the dinner-dance committee which includes many young marrieds, among them Viscountess Melgund, Lady Rose Macdonald-Buchanan and Viscountess Galway, also Mrs. Peter Dollar, Lady Fogarty, the Hon. Marie-Louise Hennessy and the Hon. Mrs. John Lakin. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Smith-Ryland, at 21 Hyde Park Place, W.2.

★ ★ ★

ON May '28 the Wentworth Club, Virginia Water, will be the setting for the May Ball. This is being organized by the Ascot and Sunninghill District Committee of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and promises to be a wonderful evening. There is to be a first-class cabaret and a buffet supper. Many people in the district are bringing parties and it is quite an easy run from London for those who want an enjoyable evening amid lovely surroundings in the country. Lady Joubert is chairman of the ball and you can get your tickets from the hon. secretary of the event, Mrs. J. Dupree, Lowood, Sunninghill, Ascot.



Sir Nigel Colman, Bt., and Lady Colman paused for a moment on the steps as they left the Royal Academy



The Marchioness of Carisbrooke and Lady Lowther were among the most discerning of the spectators



Countess Howe, who was accompanied by her daughter Lady Frances Curzon, outside Burlington House



Mr. Frederick and the Hon. Mrs. Nettlefold, daughter of Viscount Scarsdale, were also there

THE SEASON OPENED with the private view of the Royal Academy's summer exhibition. Among the distinguished gathering was Sir Gerald Kelly, the retiring president, with Lady Kelly. Featured prominently in the portraiture section was Mr. James Gunn's State picture of H.M. the Queen



Mr. L. Campbell Taylor, R.A. (centre) had been giving his considered expert opinion on the chief exhibits to Mr. Arthur Norris and Mrs. Mark Strutt



Leaving the car park were Mrs. Victor Jones, Brig. H. E. Pickering, who had come up from Hampshire, and Col. Victor Jones

THE FIRST CLASSIC, the Two Thousand Guineas, completed the opening phase of the flat racing season with a fine spectacle on Newmarket Heath, whither spectators, undeterred by a bitter and unseasonable east wind, made their way from all points of the compass to see Darius chalk up a win by a length from the French challenger



Sir Pierce Lacy, Bt., came in the company of one of his daughters, Mrs. C. M. Oakes. He lives at Bury St. Edmunds



Two other racegoers who came from Suffolk were Capt. J. McMullen and Miss Antonia McMullen



The Earl and Countess of Gainsborough arrived at the course during a brief interlude of sunshine



Mr. and Mrs. Guy Morton, famous for their shooting parties at Pickenham Hall in Norfolk, were also there

AT THE RACES

A Jumper At Epsom

• Sabretache •

EVERYONE being agreed that there is no such thing as a racing certainty, all tipping of winners is obviously reduced to an absurdity.

Descending to a very present detail, not one of the probable candidates in this year's Derby has a gallop over one-and-a-half miles of the Epsom course to his credit, and that, after all is said and done, is the only thing that can count. The "form" horse unquestionably is Ambler II, chiefly because he has won over the last mile and a bit of the actual Derby distance, and because neither the long downhill, nor the turn at Tattenham Corner, have troubled him. In fact, he was so pleased with himself that he jumped a pathway covered with grass which crosses the course near the Corner. There is no reason at all why jumping a road should upset any horse, for, after all, jumping is merely part of the act of galloping, only a bit higher up in the air.

I am sure that he is a good colt, and that, if the owner's father Mr. William Woodward, who was a member of our Jockey Club, were alive to see him win the Derby, it would realize his dearest ambition. This colt is a well-balanced, active animal, and I hope in spite of Darius that he is going to give his owner, his trainer, Captain Boyd-Rochfort, and his jockey, W. H. Carr, a victory.

NEWS of the Aga Khan's partial relaxation of his activities on the turf and in the bloodstock breeding arena, seems to have been taken by some people as the prelude to his complete retirement. This I have good reason to believe is erroneous. The Aga Khan *could* not give up these activities because they have become woven into the fabric of his life. He is probably one of the best authorities in the world on the breeding of thoroughbred bloodstock; not that this excludes his very wide knowledge of many other things. He is a very well-read personality and incidentally one of the world's best practitioners of that Kriegspiel Bridge. Of very ancient lineage he is head of the Ismailian sect, the first of whom was the "Old Man of the Mountains," who lived in Castle Alamut near the Caspian Sea, a building quite impregnable in the times of the Crusades, but not so nowadays, when the atomic, hydrogen and other bombs could quite easily destroy a whole district.

THERE were three old "college chums": Hasan Ibn Sabah ("The Old Man of the Mountains"), Chief of the Tribe of the Assassins; Nizam ul Mulk (the Montagu Norman of his times) and one Omar Khayyam, poet and tent-maker, who lived at a place called Naishapur. Edward Fitzgerald, Liza Lehmann and Co. have etheralized him for us! These three sportsmen made a pact to meet together after they had gone out into the world, and decide which of them had achieved the greatest renown. Which would you say won? Almost everybody knows all about Omar Khayyam, thanks to Mr. Fitzgerald, but as a matter of fact Hasan Ibn Sabah and his playmates were really much more famous.

They were wholesale murderers; their favourite method being strangling with a thing called a *roomal*, and they used to ginger themselves up for this sort of exploit by imbibing some stuff called hashish. This method has been rather superseded by the cigarette gun and heroin of our days.





A STERN REPROOF on its way from Col. Wainwright Purdy III (John Bushelle) to his subordinate Capt. Fisby (William Sylvester) at the lengths to which he goes in putting Democratic Plan "B" into action with the assistance of Lotus Blossom (Chin Yü) and Sakini (Eli Wallach)

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations
by Emmwood

At the Theatre

"The Teahouse Of The August Moon" (Her Majesty's)

ON the stage or off a raconteur is taking a fearful risk if he expects us to look with a kindling eye on his elaboration of a joke which has been immediately comprehensible. Mr. John Patrick is the one theatrical raconteur in a hundred who takes the risk and gets happily by.

The immediately comprehensible joke is made for us in a few well-chosen words by an ingratiating but obviously wily Oriental acting as Chorus in front of a curtain of bamboo. Okinawa is an island which has been successively over-run by Chinese bandits, Japanese marauders and evangelizing Christians. The last to come are the democratizing Americans, and the Okinawans are all set to receive with childlike docility whatever blessings of civilization the soldiers are charged by Washington to confer on them.

But the ways of the heathen are ancient and peculiar and, of course, the Okinawans will just do as they have done in times past—confer the blessings of their own civilization on the new conquerors and themselves remain unchanged.

THE bamboo curtain rises on the working-out of the joke, and at first we rather sniffily feel that it is being worked out in terms of the strip cartoon. Since the Chorus has now turned interpreter and has to translate almost everything that is said there seems a great deal too much caption attached to each picture. We are inclined to resent the insult to our intelligence. But gradually the strip cartoon grows on us in humour and even in charm. The jokes cease to seem childish and take on an attractively childlike quality. At some point or other we surrender to the whole thing without reservation.

For some that point will be where it becomes apparent that poor Captain Fisby, made responsible for the education of an up-country village, is going to be a great disappointment to his colonel, a model modern soldier utterly dedicated to the cause of technocracy. The mild, hesitant captain is not the man to hurt anybody's feelings by refusing the gift of a cage to keep a lucky cricket in (when he has caught the cricket), a sunhat, a pair of wooden sandals or even a geisha-girl, first class.

He carries in his hand the Washington text-book with its fool-proof plan for making up-and-coming democrats of the beach-combing Okinawans, but somehow—perhaps the interpreter is to blame—the emergencies it elaborately foresees do not arise and others do.

IF, as it appears, he is not the man to hurt anybody's feelings by refusing gifts, neither is he the man to accept without protest the gift of a geisha-girl; but the interpreter's exposition of the true function of a geisha is a little triumph of tenderness and delicacy. What is a democrat to do but defer to the plainly expressed wishes of a community he is trying to democratize?

He does what is obviously the right thing. He discards his American uniform, he keeps an eager eye open for a lucky cricket to keep in his presentation cage, he wears the native sunhat and the native wooden sandals and he accepts the charming companionship of the girl who is not at all what benighted Westerners suppose a geisha to be. All too clearly the earnest colonel at the other end of the telephone realizes that his trusted subordinate is mad and is in the disreputable process of going native.

An army psychologist is urgently dispatched to the scene, but the psychologist has his own obsession, which is gardening, and after analysing the soil finds that it is perfectly suited to demonstrate the soundness of certain horticultural theories which he has long desired to test. He, too, goes native.

It only remains for the colonel to come up to see for himself why instead of a pentagon-shaped schoolhouse there is an exquisite teahouse. He is, indeed, shocked—but it all ends happily after all.



FRANKLY PUZZLED by all the uplift proceedings is Captain Maclean (Lionel Murton)

LONG before that the whole house has surrendered to the joke for one reason or another. The reason may be the endearing vivacity of Mr. Eli Wallach's interpreter, a long part carried triumphantly, the touching foolish simplicity of Mr. William Sylvester's Captain Fisby, the goggling gravity of Mr. Lionel Murton's idiotic gardener, the graceful miming of Miss Chin Yü or the reason may simply be the successful absurdity of the whole thing.



A cooling drink in the interval for Mr. Lionel Thompson, Miss Hazel Innes, Miss Margaret Watt and Mr. Randolph Boxall. They had just seen a Cossack dance full of fire and brilliant colour

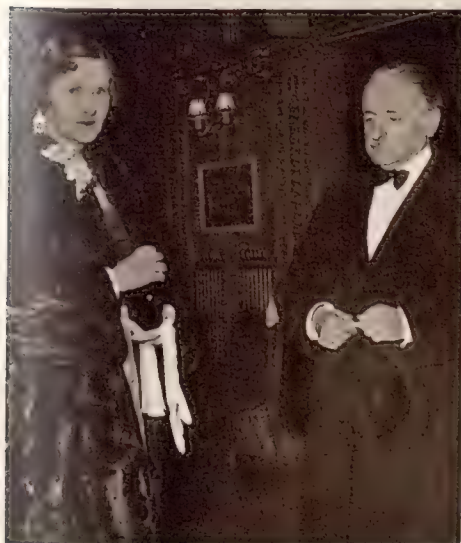
RUSSIAN DANCERS, in the form of the Moscow State Dance Company, received an enthusiastic welcome when they opened a season at the Stoll. The first-night audience saw a combination of ballet and folk-dancing of a polish and originality which stirred them to tremendous, and quite spontaneous, applause



H.E. the Soviet Ambassador and Mrs. Jacob Malik were there to watch their compatriots perform



Lady Kelly with her husband, Sir David Kelly, who was formerly British Ambassador to the U.S.S.R.



Mary Countess Howe and Mr. Alan Lawrence had just arrived at the Stoll to see the "Beryozka"



Dr. and Mrs. L. Simpson were two others who greatly enjoyed this exciting London premiere

London Linelight



Ronnie Stevens, Joan Sims, Joan Heal and Peter Felgate are satirists in chief at the Criterion

Evening That Matures

At the Criterion you will find a gay little humdinger of a revue containing as bright an encyclopædia of impudence as ever graced the 'twenties. This is *Intimacy* at 8.30, which lifts its curtain (strangely enough) at 8.30.

Anyone who feels so disposed may arrive a little late, for matters improve throughout the evening. The virtue of this entertainment, which began its life in the faubourgs, is that the jokes are for all sophisticated moderns and not exclusively for the near-intimates of the theatre coteries.

Here we have Joan Heal dipping litmus into the theme of *Lady Docker* in a coalmine and discovering acid; here is Ronnie Stevens roasting Rossini and the barber shops of Spiv Row in well-controlled breaths; here is Joan Sims putting so much sex-appeal into *British Railways* that I almost felt I had invented Liverpool Street after eating too many savouries. In fact, here is as bright an evening as any adult in an expansive expensive mood could wish himself.

At the La Romanza there is one of those "oo la la" cabarets complete with elegant young ladies doing a tolerable can-can, and trick lighting which periodically changes them all to phosphorescent Negresses. Into this unlikely setting the astute Mr. De Fay has introduced an old-fashioned slick music-hall act such as was my childhood's delight at the Old Met. very long since. Hal Lancashire and John Levy call themselves The Discords, and claim to be a direct import from Australia, but their Edwardian bathing costumes, their superb aplomb and their mastery of unashamed vulgarity is as English as any red nose which ever graced the Tivoli. It puts the whole show in the most agreeable perspective and produces a fine sense of tolerance towards any contemporary problem.

The new Cecil Landeau revue *Cockles and Champagne* reaches the Saville next Wednesday. It stars Renée Houston, Patricia Burke and the latest French favourite, Pierre Dudan, author, singer and composer of "Clopin-Clopan." The sketches are by Maureen Stevens, once secretary to Val Gielgud. She has a varied and unusual background, for she is married to a publisher of law books, is the daughter of a C.I.D. inspector, and the granddaughter of George Turner, a popular comedian of the old Oxford Music Hall.

The music is by Sam Coslow, who has "Cocktails for Two" to his credit, and the décor is by Honoria Plesch, who did the two previous Landeau shows, *Sauces Tartare* and *Piquant*.

—Youngman Carter



A TOAST FROM SILVER TANKARDS was drunk by Major and Mrs. R. D. Russell at the party they gave at their home, Old Tudor Place, Riseley, Berks, for the christening of their daughter, Querida Rebel. Major Russell was formerly in the Regular Army, and his wife was Miss Rada Penfold, of the prominent Australian family. She is a noted horsewoman in her own country.



QUERIDA REBEL RUSSELL, infant daughter of Major and Mrs. R. D. Russell, reflects upon her christening, which took place at Swallowfield, the original of Miss Mitford's *Our Village*

Talk Around the Town

THERE is a splendid assurance about the Royal Academy in the spring that transcends the display of paint on canvas.

Outside the sombre walls of Burlington House is a London that seems to have changed for the worst—and for ever; yet each year, as May dawns, a visit to the Academy shows how wrong is such an impression.

It has not really changed at all—has been here all the time; people strolling, stopping to chat and then strolling on, top-hats worn indoors, and women's hats that would have been of pretty service at many periods in history. Here is the picturesque and the individual in dress, in male coiffure, and whiskers, that one falsely believed to have vanished.

One gets the full flowering of this revelation at the private view, but something of that always remarkable parade lingers on through the summer. May it never cease to do so.

If it is pictures you are after, you need not, of course, go near Burlington House. You can have seen the smooth Mr. Annigoni at Wildenstein's (a good example of the success

that can follow one Academy showing) and, for Sir Alfred Munnings, there is Picasso at the Lefevre. Or Manet and his friends at the Tate, or at the Cork Street gallery.

★ ★ ★

MR. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has written a book on some of the great English homes, through which I happened to glance just before I received a copy of a volume ancillary to this subject: Mr. L. G. Pine's *They Came With the Conqueror* (Evans; 21s.).

One of the first illustrations in Mr. Pine's book is of Arundel Castle, also one of Mr. Churchill's selected homes. But this seems to have been introduced in a negative sense.

"We cannot have a better example of the lack of Norman blood in the male line than in the case of the Duke of Norfolk, the premier Duke," writes Mr. Pine. "It has been remarked that the ancestors of the Duke have had a better opportunity than anyone else of tracing their pedigrees, being for centuries heads of the College of Arms. Yet [his family] cannot be traced

back earlier than John Howard, a plain and honest yeoman of Wiggen Hall, St. Peter, in Norfolk, who in 1267 had by Lucy, his wife, a son, the lad of pairts, Sir William Howard, who started the royal and ducal Howards on the road that led to Arundel Castle, Westminster Abbey—and the Tower!"

I doubt whether Bernard Marmaduke Fitzalan-Howard, 16th Duke of Norfolk, is unduly worried over this flaw in his pedigree.

ANOTHER one of Mr. Churchill's selected homes is Wilton, the seat of the Herbert family, the Earls of Pembroke. The Herberts also cannot say "my people came over with the Conqueror." Yet there have been people who have claimed to trace their pedigree back to Pepin, King of Italy and Lombardy, who died in A.D. 810, youngest son of Charlemagne, Emperor of the West.

Not so, says Mr. Pine. The line began with a mere Jenkin ap Adam. As the latter was one who lived in the time of Edward III. and not in the Garden of Eden, one wonders who *his* father might have been?

CERTAINLY a fine double would be brought off by any American who could say that his ancestors started with the Conqueror and then continued the journey in the *Mayflower*.

There seem to be more proven cases of Norman pedigree in the United States than in Britain, probably because of the greater interest taken in their ancestry by Americans, coupled with native curiosity about the past.

An American scholar is quoted by Mr. Pine as disproving the idea that the early Colonial settlers were of humble origin. They were not—the emigrant hordes escaping from industrial misery came nearly three centuries later. The Washingtons, Saltonstalls, Winthrops, Culpeppers, Throckmortons and Mildmayes of the other side of the Atlantic are old families on both sides in their own right. Oddly enough, the emigrants who crossed in the *Mayflower* seem to have come from a much humbler class.

★ ★ ★
A READER takes me to task over my chance remark that a glance at the changing maps of Europe during the past 600 years shows that scarcely any

THE ABOMINABLE CLUBMAN

By WYNDHAM ROBINSON



"Had a licence these fifty years, but a chap should always go on learning"

country—other than England—seems to have belonged to itself.

"Other than England?" he writes. "Man alive, what of the Scots in England? And the Irish? To say nothing of the Canadians, the Americans, the Jews, the Huguenots—just look around you when you are next in a bus!"

I had geography in mind, not ethnology; but will concede the point.

★ ★ ★
I COUNT the opening moments of the Moscow dancing troupe's season in London as one of the most moving theatrical thrills for a long time.

Was it because the moment was charged on the first night with emotion, pregnant with thoughts having nothing to do with the dance? Perhaps. But as those thirty lovely young things floated across the back of the Stoll stage, red-skirted, and each with a sprig of birch-tree held aloft, all the old magic of the Russian theatre came flooding across the footlights, first to stun, then to move the audience to an ecstasy.

They are undoubtedly charming, these

children, perfectly matched as to size and smile, and as perfectly trained.

"Too regimented," a man leaned over to observe in the interval; I don't know whether he wanted an unregimented *corps de ballet*!

A surfeit of the same basic folk-dancing might prove tiring were it not for the skill the troupe use in achieving kaleidoscopic patterns. An experience of the "theatre"; not of the ballet proper.

★ ★ ★
LIFE at Oxford as reflected by front page items in my current copy of the *Cherwell*—

"Trouble between Producer and Devil in the Trinity production of *Everyman* has arisen over the latter's insistence on playing his part in the nude."

"During the last vacation Raymond Salusbury-Jones was modelling men's underwear. He also had a seven-course luncheon at the Ritz with London's top model, Fiona Campbell-Walter."

"The Ladies of St. Hilda's are hanging strings from their toes so that they can be easily awakened for the carol singing on top of Magdalen tower."

"There is room for you on the *Cherwell* staff. Keeness will be more welcome than experience."

Nudism welcome, too?

★ ★ ★
ANOTHER one of my mysteries-within-a-mystery—this time in a book by Mrs. Agatha Christie.

M. Poirot is searching for a murderer who leaves an *ABC Railway Guide* beside his corpses. He is interviewing a bank clerk at home in a provincial town.

"Have you by a chance an *ABC* in the house?" he asks the clerk. "On the shelf behind you" is the answer. And there Poirot finds not only an *ABC*, but a *Bradshaw*, the *Stock Exchange Year Book*, *Kelly's Directory* and *Who's Who*.

The real mystery is not what any provincial bank clerk was doing with that collection, unless he was a sharepusher about to go on the run; or why he never became a Poirot suspect. My mystery is: when did Mrs. Christie write her novel?

A bank clerk to-day would have to fork out the better part of £15 to have those books in his home.

—Gordon Beckles



One of the guests at the Russell christening party was Mr. Harry Tallock Miller, director of the Redfern Galleries



Laughing together were Miss Charmian Fairfax, from Sydney, and Mr. Timothy Emanuel, nephew of the Duchess of Sutherland



Mr. Loudon Sainthill, the stage designer from Australia, discussed his work with Miss Jane Sprague, a model from California

Touch of Early Summer Graced a Christening Party in Berkshire



Mr. Simon Stourton had stopped to congratulate Elizabeth, Countess of Bandon, on the excellent organisation of the ball. With them was the Countess's brother, Dr. Walter Playfair

A DANCE RESERVED FOR DEBUTANTES

YOUNG girls coming out this year, and also debutantes of 1953, met their partners at a dance specially organised for them at the May Fair Hotel. The hostesses were Elizabeth, Countess of Bandon and Lady Mary Campbell, and the evening was brilliantly successful from start to finish, new friendships being made on all sides



Miss Shane Newton and Mr. David Ashton-Bostock caught sight of acquaintances while dancing



Miss Jude Britten was laughing at an amusing reminiscence of Mr. Fords Playfair



A member of the young committee, Lady Jennifer Bernard, talking to Mr. Michael Ziegler



Miss Stella Wood had just accepted a cigarette from Mr. Julian Watson, with whom she had been dancing



Mr. J. S. Fripp sitting out with Miss N. R. Webster at a table adjoining Mr. Richard Hadcock and Miss Lamorna Cambell



Enjoying a quick-step: Miss Amanda Spence had for her partner Mr. Michael Knapp



Miss Joan Cheney and Mr. George Cooper slowed down for a moment to speak to a friend



Carried unanimously, by Miss Serena Sassoon, Mr. Nicholas Brown-Wilkinson, Miss Mariquita Cleave and Mr. Hugh Tennant, that the evening was one well worth repeating



DINING OUT

Hurry Spoils the Broth

ARE you in a hurry to get through your dinner? One London *chef de cuisine* thinks that English impatience at table is one of the great defects which cooking suffers from in this country.

Quaglino's sent their Olivio Borra to Maxim's in Paris on a sort of "refresher course" in anticipation of freedom from rationing.

"The French use exactly six times as much butter as we do in nearly every dish calling for it," he came back to report. But this seemed of less consequence to him than the time allowed for preparing the dish.

I agree; the instinct here, if the waiter reports that something will need forty minutes, is to call for something quicker, or else cold.

Not so the French! "Ah, ah," they will say, "This must be worth while . . . let us now approach the *hors d'œuvres* and chat together for forty minutes."

Borra thinks that the quality, and the available range, of fish in Paris is not so good as in London. As far as salmon—both fresh and smoked—goes, this is certainly true.

CLARIDGES CAUSERIE and the BERKELEY BUTTERY are twin resorts that maintain their popularity, especially at this season of the year when Town engagements crowd from the morning into the afternoons. They do not specialise in dishes taking forty minutes. The Causerie is open until 11 o'clock, the Buttery until "about midnight."

There is a current tendency, undoubtedly due to costs and mixed theatre times, towards butteries and coffee shops. Something of a boom in the latter has been developing for a long time past. If the result is the making of better coffee, then all is to the good. Despite American invasion, good American advice, and costly apparatus, we are still able to make the world's worst cup of coffee on demand.

And the demand for bad coffee seems as popular as ever.

These "butteries" are half-way houses in between the restaurant proper and the snack bar, which is now being elevated into the "coffee bar." Something of a revived element in London's habits deserves separate notice, which I hope to give their coffee houses shortly.

THIS question of closing times is a tricky one, quite irrespective of our uncivilised drinking laws. I have often wondered whether some of the historic city eating places might not do a dinner trade with visitors instead of closing after lunch. The other day I sent three such visitors down to the George Inn at Southwark. They arrived at about 6.30 and thought they would pass the time away before dinner with "a flagon of English ale." Alas, they found the place locked, although there were signs of something going on in the kitchen. So they came away. I found later that it did not open until 7 o'clock.

—I. Bickerstaff



Sitting in a quiet corner beneath some seventeenth-century ancestral portraits were Mr. G. W. O. Watts, Mrs. McIntyre, Mrs. Watts and Mr. R. W. Tyzack. Welbeck Abbey has many claims to distinction among the great houses of the land, not least on account of its unique underground ballroom



Mrs. T. J. Owen, Mrs. L. W. Underwood, Mrs. H. Lamin (ball chairman), Mr. H. Lamin, Mr. T. J. Owen (Nottingham Town Clerk), Mrs. W. Beeston, Mr. Underwood and Miss S. Bradley

COUNTY BALL GIVEN IN WELBECK ABBEY

THE beautiful home of the Duke and Duchess of Portland was the scene of the Nottinghamshire County Ball, held for the first time since 1938. Over 300 guests dined and danced in the state rooms amid the Duke's fine collection of tapestries and pictures, which are of European fame. The Duke is president of the Notts Rural Community Council, an extremely active body, under whose auspices the ball was held



Mr. C. Seely, Miss I. Huskinson, Miss R. Lamin, Mr. J. Readett-Bayley, Miss C. Shephard and Mr. A. Wesson



Miss A. Cheetham, Mr. P. Barlow, Mrs. and Mr. B. Hutton, and Mr. and Mrs. R. Mellors



Mr. T. Conway, Mr. J. Banks, Miss S. Raynes and Miss M. Underwood had a "picnic" supper



In front of an old tapestry sat Mr. R. Pruden, Miss D. Haigh, Miss P. Cox and Mr. J. Gamble



Mr. and Mrs. Fred Roberts and Major-Gen. H. A. Freeman-Attwood enjoyed a joke at the buffet



In the flower-decked reception room the Duke and Duchess of Portland prepared to welcome the guests to the ball, which proved a most successful event from every point of view

Swatch



JANETTE SCOTT, fifteen-year-old British film actress, with five important films to her credit, is here browsing at a magazine bookstall in Cannes, where she went for the Film Festival with her father, Mr. James Scott. She is shortly going to Rome to play Cassandra in the production *Helen of Troy*. Miss Scott's mother is actress Thora Hird

Priscilla in Paris

Hidden Treasure In The Library

THERE have been many pridefully triumphant articles in the Paris Press to announce that "Thanks to the extensive measures of protection organised by the authorities, fewer accidents than were expected took place on the roads during the Easter holidays." This is as maybe; I was not there to see. Generally I keep off the roads when the rest of the world seems to be using them to excess, and this year proved no exception to the rule. I stayed at home.

As well as my dislike for crowds there was another reason for this. I am moving house, or, rather, flat. Rooms with five yards space between floor and ceiling may be pleasantly satisfactory for the flattering display of Gobelin tapestries and period

furniture, but last winter's cold snap proved to me for the hundredth time that spectacular living is not always comfortable living. Therefore I am exchanging my over-palatial 18th-century abode for one of Baron Haussmann's Second Empire bandboxes and trying to find fortitude (if not joy) in the wisdom of so doing!

So far I have only tackled the book question. How does one coax many hundreds of books into the space that only allows for a few hundred? The elucidation of this problem got me into trouble. I was seated on the topmost ledge of a step-ladder, where—like the musician who "was seated one day at the organ"—I was weary and ill at ease. Heart-achingly I was trying also to make up my mind

between the famous Houssiaux edition of Balzac in twenty volumes or the Hetzel published in 1842 when the telephone rang and, rising to answer the call, I stepped off into space.

The damage was not great; managing to twist as I fell, I landed on a part of my anatomy that bruises more easily than it breaks, but the shock was considerable, especially for the people who live underneath.

WHAT entertainment one finds—and what dust—hunting through rows of old books that, for years, have been forgotten behind a façade of classics and new loves.

A bound volume of the *Semaine des Enfants*, for 1858, has destroyed any illusions I may have had about the healthy literature provided for children in those days. This was a weekly, illustrated magazine costing ten centimes in Paris and fifteen "in Railway Stations and the Provinces" [*sic*]. It purposed to provide "amusing and instructive reading matter and illustrations" for the young, but the bloodsome portrayal of the "Assassination of the Duc d'Orléans" on a front page beats anything, in the way of amusing and instructive horrors, that I have ever come across in gangster butchery to-day. *Plus ça change...*

I have also rediscovered some once-treasured Yellow Books, with their wonderful drawings by Aubrey Beardsley and enchanting pages by Max Beerbohm. The new flat will find them in a place of honour once more. All my friends were not so felicitous, however, and many are the best-sellers of yesterday that will join the mound of rags, old papers and bottles that Josephine is feeding to the dustman.

I DID not know when I went to the opening of the Amar circus last week that I would have the pleasure, a few days later, of meeting two of its future stars in flesh and blood and assist at their christening. They were: two adorable, five-day-old tigers. I love all animals, dogs leading, of course, and Skye terriers being the most lovable of all, but I could leave my happy home for quite a while in order to enjoy cuddling a baby tiger.

I am glad the party took place at Maxim's and that Mama Tiger was not present. Indeed, we were all rather nervous till M. Rudolf Matthies, who is their god-papa and who had brought them along in a hay-lined, blanket-wrapped basket, assured us that he had left Mama purring contentedly over her third baby. I am not convinced that animals cannot count, but Rudolf Matthies is on such terms of love and understanding with his "big cats" that Mama must have felt he could be trusted.

I know very little about wild animals really, but I can vouch for one thing at their christening parties: five-day-old tiger-cubs do NOT really appreciate champagne. We hope that Mama did not smell their breath when they got home!

Enfin!

● Barenton assures us that: "Honesty is rarely a sign of intelligence but it is always a proof of good sense."

SPRING WEDDING IN THE HIGHLANDS

PIPES skirled and clansmen gathered for the wedding of Capt. Ivan Charles Straker, 11th Hussars, and Miss Gillian Grant. The couple were married at St. Columba's Church, Elgin, attended by six bridesmaids and two pages. After the ceremony, a most enjoyable reception was held at Orton Hall, home of the bride's mother

[Continued overleaf



Standing for a moment in the church doorway, making a delightful picture, the bride and bridegroom leave after the service, accompanied by "the lilt of the piper's tune"



Capt. W. Smith Grant, Mrs. H. W. Houldsworth and Mrs. W. Smith Grant, the bride's mother, toast the happy couple



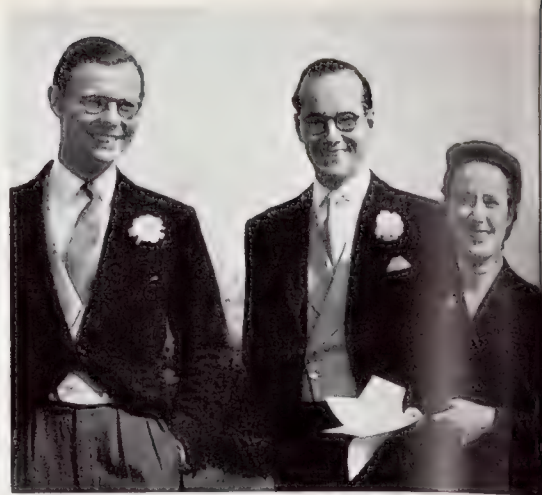
The bridegroom's parents Major A. C. Straker (left) and Mrs. Straker (right) with Lady Barber and Capt. A. S. Hunter



A young guest paid the tribute of rapt attention to bride and bridegroom as together they cut the four-tiered cake



Mr. Alec Macdonald and Mrs. Boyd Anderson took their refreshments outside the marquee which had been set up for the occasion



Some of the younger guests who were present were Mr. David Ropner, Mr. John Hol, Mr. David Tate and Miss

Continuing —

BRIDE OF THE DAFFODILS

SPRING flowers were prominent in the garlands which decorated the wedding of Miss Gillian Grant and Capt. Ivan Straker, and again at the reception where, in bright sunshine, the guests were able to stroll in the grounds and to reflect on the pleasure of the most picturesque Scottish wedding yet to take place this year. Jennifer describes it on pp. 338-9



Major A. B. Gibson and Miss Susan Strachan were discussing some of the outstanding features of the day



Mr. Guy Goodbody was talking to Mrs. Wood, while her son, page Michael Wood, "listened in"



Capt. and Mrs. Galloway were here with Mr. W. G. Scott and Baroness Juel Brockdorff



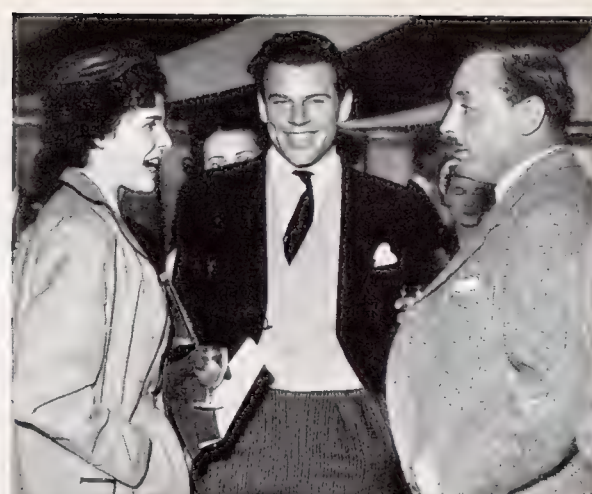
A delightful pastoral scene quickly found that day



... numbers at the wedding
Miss Malise Armitage,
... Pinckney



Mrs. Peter Bence-Trower, sister of the
bride, talking over the wedding with
Mrs. Alec Macdonald



Lt.-Col. John Ritchie (right) had just
made an amusing remark to Mr. Michael
Young and Miss Belinda Young



... resulted when the bridal attendants gathered in the grounds for their photograph, and the two pages, the Master of Polwarth and Michael Wood,
... picking greatly relieved the rigours of posing. The bridesmaids were Miss Susan Mackessack, Miss Olivia Stedall, Miss Sarah Platt,
Miss Jane Mackessack, Miss Mary McCorquodale and Miss Penelope Berens

Darry Suttie

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

UNABLE to be present at the opening of the Aldershot Centenary celebrations, we were strongly with the military boys in spirit; hovering, so to speak, over well-remembered places of the heart.

Among these are Stanhope Lines, Scroggs Bottom on Laffan's Plain—where the air is thick and blue with the oaths of the soldiery of a hundred years—and the Royal Pavilion where once, on a King's Guard, we were privileged to view H.M. George V, for whom we cherish undying, admiring esteem, in his braces, wearing the same expression as anyone else in his braces at 6 a.m. And, hovering thus, we longed afresh to solve the great Aldershot Enigma, which is how (and why) the civilian natives live. We never had contact with any of them, barring Messrs. Gale & Polden, Ltd., the popular Army publishers, yet in this place they are born, rejoice, sorrow, and die. Perhaps they love the place passionately. Possibly "Mother" and "Aldershot" are the last dying words of locals in exile, pining for a noseful of the old familiar dust and the heartwarming cry of distant sergeant-majors howling "Hoddah . . . hipe!" But, except that Aldershot women are exquisitely beautiful and kept under lock and key, we knew and know nothing about the native or bazaar life.

Theory

OUR theory is that the original Aldershot locals were hostages, rounded up by the Army from the Surrey uplands after some civilian had winked at a General's niece in Camberley in 1855. As with caged wild birds, their descendants soon forgot the old free and careless life in a world of dust and brasshats. Yet now and again you see them gazing keenly into space, like Bedouin in the Sahara. It's the mysterious call of the blood—the old magic call from Croydon, Carshalton, and the everlasting hills. Okay, Joe. *Camera!*

Boo

CHIFFCHAFF spotters were horribly fooled by their feathered chum (technically known as *Phylloscopus collybita*, if that is any salve for a raw wound) this year, it appears. The bird slipped

into this country on March 26, unperceived, while they were still twiddling their thumbs and smiling at the fairies. Consequently there were no excited first-with-the-news letters to the press.

"Or perhaps the boys were all drunk," we suggested to the ornithologist who told us this. (We can recommend this line, especially as a highbrow-stopper. "It's rather difficult," a falsetto voice will cry, "to explain the curious variations in tonal density of all three Brontës in their late-middle period." "Perhaps," you say pensively, "they were drunk." This brings your highbrow up all standing, in nautical phrase, and carries away his bobstay.) To our surprise the ornithologist agreed with us. It seems that chiffchaff-hearers are plastered most of the year, due to the nervous strain of getting first off the mark with the big news every March. Compare the somewhat similar case of Queen Anne's husband, Prince George of Denmark, who on landing in England took one look at the Island Race, shuddered, and began drinking steadily. H.R.H. was never, it is true, technically stinko. His aim was a quiet, woozy, glazed, all-in abstraction of spirit, and he succeeded in attaining this lama-like state from morning to night for the rest of his days. The chiffchaff never worried this honest Dane. He probably thought it was Queen Anne.

Paree

TICKLED on the midriff behind the scenes at the Folies-Bergère by a visiting citizen of Nottingham, with the press photographers in attendance, one of the sweethearts in the current show seemed (from the picture-papers) to be playing up nobly for the Entente, so recently celebrating its fiftieth anniversary. She was, in fact, rolling her eyes in a most saucy and Continental fashion and plainly exclaiming "Oo, là, là." Good for you, Toto, we thought. Gay Paree all over, baby.

Such publicity, however embarrassing, may add a permanent *cachet* to a Folies girl's art and make her career, we gather from a chap in close touch with the rue Richer. Known (and maybe billed) henceforth as "La Chatouillée de Nottingham," Toto may easily qualify in the next Folies show for the coveted leading rôle of the Sèvres Teapot in the customary parade called *A Dream of Old China*. This will entail arms akimbo and a lid on her head, which by all Folies standards is heavy overdressing, but Toto won't mind. Upward and onward! A couple of years hence she may even be speaking a line or two.

Compère: Tiens, c'est toi la Chatouillée?

Toto: Mais oui! (*Cue for band. fff.*)

Fifty years hence, on retiring from the Comédie-Française, Toto will probably publish her memoirs, in which Chapter XLV ("Nottingham, Pays d'Amour") will reveal that the visiting citizen who tickled her in 1954 was Robin Hood in person. ("Sir Hood, lormaire proscrit de Nottingham, beau garçon, beaucoup d'allure, bien gentil, assez vif.") A hundred years hence this will be in the history books. (End.)

Trauma

AFTER being hit by her ever-loving husband a sweetheart seeking a divorce in Massachusetts dreamed (*vide press*) that she was being chased by Orson Welles, the film-actor, who kept trying to drive her into a fire.

In Harley Street this kind of dream is linked with a condition called *hystrioclastrophobia*, the fear of being entrapped with wild actors in an enclosed space; as actually happens, our spies report, in those small outlying theatres connected with the Higher Drama, where, finding itself outnumbered by two or three to one, the audience goes hysteric and tries to fight its way out. On the other hand this trauma has its agreeable aspects. A clubman we knew used quite suddenly to sit bolt upright with shining eyes, murmuring breathless, broken phrases. His fellow-members knew that he had just discovered Marlene Dietrich sitting on his knee, a delightful surprise. On trooping back from dinner a couple of hours later they would find him entertaining his fair guest with imitations of Irving and Tree. ("Over here, of course, Miss Dietrich, we call them 'braces.' . . .")

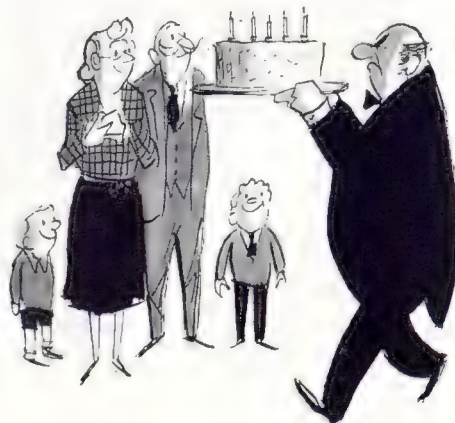
You say this is no trauma, but an enchanting dream. But wait. Towards midnight this clubman would suddenly reel back with a cry of pain, nursing his right cheek. Everybody looked the other way, the porter got him a taxi, and that was that. Later, to his disgust, he found his knee usurped nightly by Mr. Attlee and had to resign. Life! Life!

Spray

THINKERS who had stood for Parliament in the national interest, not to mention their own, and are ready and willing to do it again any time somebody puts up the dough—we know about five of these braves—should take note of a recent by-election in which a lady candidate brought a Harley Street specialist along to spray her throat. A spray and a touch of laryngitis rarely fail with the electorate, as the Central Office boys well know. We also had it at first-hand from A. E. W. Mason in his old age, a few years ago.

In the 1906 general election this charming novelist and citizen of the world won Coventry for the Liberals, heavens knows why, by (a) using a spray and (b) losing his voice in the final stages till with one wild, hoarse scream of "My constituents!" he waved his arms and collapsed, and the citizens of Coventry wept with joy and pride. Even more successful was a candidate we remember long ago—a glorious creature, complete with glossy top hat, monocle, morning suit, tearose-button hole and white spats—who had practically nothing to say throughout the entire contest but "Haw." The populace returned him with a thumping majority, due entirely to overwhelming love and pity and deeming him to be either dumb or stuffed. (He was stuffed.) Nothing moves the great pulpy heart of the Race more than total helplessness with a smart appearance, and the boys should remember it. The less they jabber the better. Incidentally there is a generic name for the wilfully oratorical type, far better than "those so-and-so's." Léon Daudet invented it—*hommes de salive*.

~~~~~ BRIGGS . . . . by Graham ~~~~~







Mrs. J. Kirwan-Taylor and her guide, Max Julen, on their way down from Gornergrat-Top



Pausing to survey the scene were Lady Jean Rankin and her son, Mr. Alick Rankin



Mr. Gordon Lyle and Miss Patricia Shephard were on holiday from New York

## WINTER SPORTS IN THE ALPINE SUNSHINE

TOURISTS flocked to Zermatt and Riffelberg for a somewhat belated ski-ing holiday. Earlier visitors had been greatly disappointed by the lack of snow, which made ski-ing difficult if not impossible. However, after later falls, particularly above Riffelalp, conditions became perfect, and sport went forward with zest



Lady Honor Svejdar and her guide, Adolf Aufdenblatten, prepare for a day's ski-ing



Mr. Julian Amery, M.P., was seeking information on a possible high-mountain expedition



Mr. J. Riddell and Mrs. J. Oddie, representing the Ski Club of Great Britain, were setting out to organise a Third Class test for some of the aspirants who made Zermatt their centre

Schloss



## At The Pictures

THE SCREEN  
RUNS RED

Gilbert Roland and Jane Russell in "The French Line"

**E**VEN for this age of violence the blood-bath on this week's screen is impressive. King Arthur and his Knights, Vikings, South Sea pirates and islanders, Indians and, of course, the U.S. Cavalry are all on the rampage with weapons ranging from the conventional to boiling oil and magic swords.

As merit hardly comes into it we will proceed in historical order. Many dollars and much elbow-grease have gone into *Prince Valiant* (Carlton), a boisterous account of hitherto unrecorded events at King Arthur's Court. Court life is enlivened by the appearance of Robert Wagner as a Viking prince (a King Features strip character) seeking Arthur's aid to save his father's throne. Wagner takes his part rather like a Yale half-back takes the ball, and one sympathises with Sir Gawain (Sterling Hayden) when that gentle, perfect knight at one point exclaims: "Blast you, boy." The dialogue maintains this level.

**T**HIS is your chance to see James Mason as a Round Table Knight and Primo Carnera as a Viking chief. Arthurian scholars will be interested that blondes and brunettes, represented by Janet Leigh and Debra Paget, were a problem at Camelot, too. However, the jousting, battling and colour photography are so splendid that one can half forgive its sins. It is entertaining hokum. After all, Tennyson took a large licence, too. But I must say he made a better job of it.

**R**OBUST, handsome actor-acrobat Burt Lancaster makes an engaging nineteenth-century adventurer in *His Majesty O'Keefe* (Warner). He has a rough time before establishing himself as King of a South Sea island, with Joan Rice as queen. In his speech from the throne he proclaims "free trade and competition" as his economic policy, and this error invites further lusty scraps with rival pirates, German concessionaires and republican islanders. It is active, colourful stuff, and the pity is that the story is untidier than need be. In fact, Lancaster on occasion seemed as puzzled as I was as to what was going on.

Just a little more trouble at no expense would have made it a fine adventure film.

Every studio, it seems, must do its bit with the U.S. Cavalry, and this week M.G.-M. is on duty at the Empire with *Escape from Fort Bravo*. It has above-average plot, script and acting with William Holden and Eleanor Parker. Set in Civil War times it introduces a third force into the Redskin-Paleface conflict in some Southern soldiery, willing to take on either side.

Finally, there is Jane Russell in a musical extravaganza, *The French Line* (Odeon, Leicester Square). I found it flat and tasteless. There was, I hear, some dispute about its U certificate for reasons you can guess. I cannot see why, for it confirms to me the view of an American psychologist that Miss Russell satisfies a mother fixation in the American male.

As an exhibition of female anatomy by Miss Russell and other well-built young women, it ranks with the best documentary work of our time.

—Dennis W. Clarke



Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Anderson (left) paused between dances to greet their friends, Mrs. Morris Johns and Mr. Stanley Strong

**TOAST TO ST. GEORGE** was drunk during celebrations held in his honour by the Penn Horse Show Society. One hundred and forty guests attended a dinner dance at the Red Lion Hotel, High Wycombe, and spent a most enjoyable evening



Capt. Andrew Yates swung his partner, Mrs. Raymond Wilson, into a samba . . .



. . . while later, Col. and Mrs. G. S. Knox preferred a more leisurely slow waltz



Mrs. J. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. R. Charlesworth and Mrs. J. Baily Gibson were enthusiastic spectators from a quiet corner. The dance was held under the auspices of the Penn Conservative Association

Desmond O'Neill





Mrs. Meyrick (second from right) was describing an incident she had witnessed in the hunting field to Lady Crofton (left), Col. J. D. C. Brownlow and her husband, Col. G. D. Meyrick



Mr. David Knightly was having an interval cigarette in company with Mrs. Gerald Payne



Major Christopher Thompson - Royds pouring a glass of champagne for Mrs. O. E. Crosthwaite-Eyre

ON THE EVE OF THE LAST MEET of the season, the New Forest Hunt gave its annual ball in the N.F. Hall at Brockenhurst. Nearly 350 members of the hunt and their friends enjoyed this delightful occasion, dancing, supping and drinking champagne until the early hours



Mr. Jack Farmiloe, in hunt evening dress, and Miss June Sarson were waiting for the band to strike up



Also, on their way to the dance floor when the music resumed were Miss Virginia Collinge and Mr. Marcus Forman

## ST. GEORGE FRENGLAND, M.P.



"'Ere y' are, mate—'ave some ammunition . . . !"

## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

A CIVIL SERVICE official made an inquiry about a certain case to a subordinate official in another section, who allowed the matter to slide.

A few weeks later the first official addressed a complaint to the subordinate's superior, and the superior passed on the memorandum to the subordinate with the query:

"Has nothing been done?"

The memo. was returned marked "Yes" and was sent back to the subordinate with a laconic "What?"

"Nothing" was the comment on the memo. when it was sent back.

MAKING a tour of the Far East, a politician met a newspaper correspondent in Tokyo, who suggested dinner at one of the town's restaurants. At the end of the meal the correspondent summoned the waiter, and making very heavy weather of it, spoke slowly and haltingly in Japanese.

"Is that all the Japanese you've managed to learn in all these months?" the politician asked him jokingly.

"It's enough," the correspondent assured him. "I told him to give you the bill."

THE wealthy patient was lying on the couch unburdening herself to her psychiatrist for some time when she stopped suddenly and asked him:

"This puzzles me. What do you make of all this?"

Pulling himself out of a daydream, the psychiatrist replied absently:

"About five pounds an hour."

HE put his key in the door at 2 a.m., and found his wife waiting for him.

"I suppose you've been holding a sick friend's hand all night!" she snapped.

"My dear," said her husband mildly, "if I had been holding his hand, I'd have made enough money to buy you a mink coat."





SIR ARTHUR BLISS (seated), Master of the King's Musik, who was commissioned to write a special march for the colour film *Welcome the Queen!*, discusses the words of the march with poet and novelist John Pudney. Mr. Pudney also wrote the commentary of the film, which is being produced by Howard Thomas

perpetual search for experience, a perpetual delight in people, books, trees, flowers, music . . ."

Incidentally, he debunks "The Naughty 'Nineties."

★ ★ ★

C. P. SNOW's latest novel, *THE NEW MEN* (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.), deals with the moral predicament of a scientist confronted by the atomic age. The hero (seen through his brother's eyes) is Martin Eliot; who, though distracted by a perplexing marriage and tempted by what seems for the time being an unequalled outlet for his abilities, ultimately stands by his ideals; or should one say remains true to his vision—that science should improve, not destroy, the world.

The title presumably has in mind those "new men"—one can no longer say "coming men" because, for better or worse, they have arrived—which the world situation has placed in power. From now on the drama of the conscience takes place in the laboratory; the Shakespeare of the future (if any) will set his scene in Los Alamos or those of its dimmer counterparts which already spatter our own islands; the protagonists will be physicists, traitorous or otherwise, and their either unresigned or resigned wives. Nuclear fission will spin the plot; and so great is the drabness of the surrounding scene that one wonders whether it might not be better to go out with a bang, or even a slow fizzle, and get it over, rather than stay on dallying in the ante-room of the conclusive void.

IN *The New Men*, the idea of splitting the atom is first broached, between brother and brother, in agreeably inappropriate surroundings—a Cambridge don's rooms, firelit and panelled. The narrator "I" of the story is Martin's brother Lewis; and *The New Men* is the fifth (its predecessor being *The Masters*) in a novel-sequence of which five or six more volumes have already been projected by Mr. Snow: this partly has dealt and partly is still to deal with the experiences, direct or indirect, of one man, Lewis Eliot, aforesaid brother of Martin.

Mr. Snow, very likely, should be regarded as the Galsworthy *de nos jours*. He has Galsworthy's sensuous inclinations, and his Trollopian habit of titling his chapters—"Beside the Smooth Water," "Beam of Light over the Snow," "Standard Roses in the Sunshine," "A Joyous Moment in the Fog," "Warm to the Touch," and so on—allows considerable play for this, in what might otherwise be a frigid narrative. Ignorant readers will do well to remember that Eliot is not necessarily the poet, any more than "the Cavendish" is a certain famous hotel. If the Irene of *The New Men* does not quite measure up to that *femme fatale* of the *Forsyte Saga*, she does not do badly, given a less lush world.

[Continued on page 374]



Dorothy Wilding

ERIC WHELPTON, who has brought a new grace to the writing of guide-books, has recently published *Dalmatia* (Robert Hale; 18s.), an account written with deep knowledge of one of the most romantic corners of Europe

## Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

# An Artist Of The Air

THE art of the broadcast, what does it take? Above all, of course, personality—voice, wit, "approach," intimacy and mellowness. Individual outlook, sense of life, love of learning are blended by suppleness of mood. These days, when so many persons go on the air, for such a variety of reasons (when, in fact, much broadcasting is "informative" and can claim to be little more), the artist-broadcaster stands out—he is the man heard for his own sake; he calls the tune; he decides the subject.

He does much to refresh, in this jaded age, what should be our aural delight in language. Such is Sir Compton Mackenzie, whose *ECHOES* (Chatto and Windus; 10s. 6d.) now brings to us, in printed form, twenty-eight of the most memorable of his talks.

TAKE it these are unaltered scripts. One reads what was written to be heard, and it is fascinating to study how the effects are built up. For the broadcaster, always, must sound spontaneous; his aim is to evoke not only brilliantly but immediately. However subtle his subject may be, he must not risk over-subtleties: he must be direct. These pieces in *Echoes*, though they may read like essays, show the accomplishment of the speaker rather than the author—that is, they command a style of their own. Beautifully literate, they are "non-literary": they are, I think, models of what prose for the air should be—short as to sentences, vivid, concrete.

*Echoes*, which has a horse omnibus, together with the back view of a four-wheeler, inset upon its bright pink jacket, is well titled: *Echoes* indeed these are. Sir Compton, for our delectation and, we may feel, his own, has captured much of the magic of the past.

He conveys not only experience but its nimbus of sensation: for instance, some of his subjects are, "Going to the Pantomime," "Old Omnibuses," "Old Snapshots," "Delights of Old Sweets," "The Vanished Colour and Scent of London." What a deeply romantic sense of London he has! For youthful country-fied readers, themselves knowing the metropolis only as a chaos of large stations, taxis, shopping, perchance a *matinée* with an aunt, his now long-ago novels, *Sinister Street* and *Sylvia Scarlett*, created a glinting picture with haunted depths. He is steeped in London—by now in decades of London—as few are.

NOT less satisfying are the portraits in *Echoes*: Sir Edward Elgar, Ellen Terry and Henry James (having an agonising conversation with his housekeeper on the subject of marmalade from the Army and Navy Stores) are among them. "Royal Encounters" features a youthful confrontation with Queen Victoria, carriage brought to a halt in an otherwise unfrequented London by-street, going on bowing and bowing to the lad who was to be Sir Compton Mackenzie, owing (he only afterwards understood) to the ceaseless activities of an air-cushion.

Also, in this same piece, we have a courtesy visit to "the Kaiser," the long-retired Wilhelm II. at Doorn.

On the subject of that overall experience which is life, its value to each of us, and what it has in particular held for him, Sir Compton Mackenzie is at his wisest, his most humane, his least sentimental (which says much) and nonetheless at his most moving. Into this "Life" group fall the pieces entitled "People," "Places," "Things," "Living," "My Time of Life" and "A Week on the Way to Seventy." "When a man ceases to be curious," he says, "his life is finished." And later, he once again recommends "Curiosity, zest, memory, a





The victorious team assemble after the game to admire the trophy, which takes the form of a silver boat, or "nef"



Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright, Bt., hands the trophy to Mr. D. Spittle, captain of the victorious team

## Argonaut Trophy

## Defence Had Best of Game

FOR the second year in succession Cambridge University Falcons and Civil Service Wanderers met in the final of the Argonaut Football Trophy presented by The TATLER for competition among clubs that do not normally play competitive football. Reports from all the officials concerned show that the players welcome the opportunity of taking part in these sporting games.

After an excellent match in which the defences prevailed, the Civil Service Wanderers deservedly retained the trophy by the only goal scored, by R. J. Shephard in the thirty-fifth minute of the opening half. Both teams played fast, open football, with the Civil Service, perhaps the more experienced footballers, quicker and more accurate in their passing than the Falcons.

THE Service forwards, while enjoying most of the play, found few opportunities to score against a very determined Falcon defence, in which the safe goalkeeping of W. R. Head, and the resolute tackling of left back A. O. Dean and left half M. E. Taylor were outstanding features of a hard-fought game.

R. Drane gave a faultless display at right back and other prominent Service men were R. Coxhead, and J. Doyle, the chief schemer in their fast-moving attack. The match was ably refereed by J. L. Lockton.

DIRECTLY after the match the trophy and medals were presented by Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright. Later the teams and officials dined together, when the Editor of The TATLER congratulated the players on their performance and F. A. Hartman, Chairman of the Civil Service, and Donald Taylor, captain of the Falcons, expressed their thanks for his hospitality.

We tender cordial thanks to the Council of the Civil Service Sports Club for the use of the ground and in particular to Mr. G. G. Parkin, their Hon. Secretary, whose helpful efficiency contributed much to an enjoyable occasion. Finally, we must record our appreciation of the help and interest shown by Sir Stanley Rous, C.B.E., Secretary of the Football Association, in the competition.

—S. A. Patman

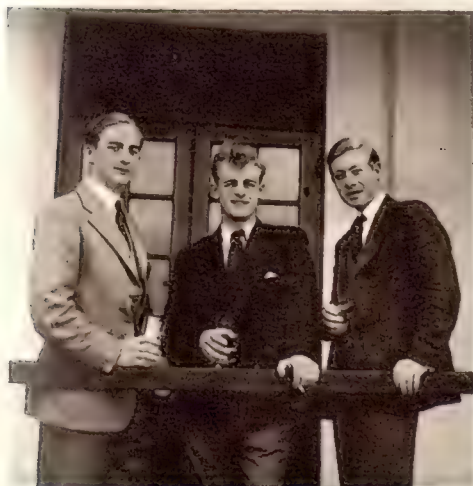


Among the spectators were Sir John Godfrey and Mr. H. A. Mather, who is chairman of the Civil Service Sports Ground Committee



Mrs. Middleton and Mr. J. H. Middleton, M.B.E., secretary of the Civil Service Sports Council, were also watching from the grandstand

FOR THE SECOND YEAR in succession, the Civil Service Wanderers won the Argonaut Trophy, presented by The TATLER, beating Cambridge University Falcons in the final at the Civil Service Sports Ground, Chiswick. Afterwards the teams, officials and specially-invited spectators gathered for dinner in the pavilion



Enjoying a drink after the match had ended were three Falcons, Mr. D. Miller (Peterhouse), Mr. A. O. Dean (Emmanuel) and Mr. M. E. Taylor (Queens')



Going over the tactics before dinner were Mr. D. Taylor (Jesus), the Falcons' captain, Mr. D. W. T. Brough (Christ's) and Mr. J. E. Howlett (Caius)





THE DJINN HELICOPTER, a French invention referred to below, was recently demonstrated to Ministers and Government officials at Villacoublay. M. Paul Devinat, Secretary of State for Works and Civil Aviation, is having the controls explained to him. The pilot on the demonstration flights was M. Jean Dabos

*Flying*

*Oliver Stewart*

## Helicopters That Are Different

**D**o you believe in helicopters? It is like the question I asked many years ago: Do you believe in airships? My answer in those days, when the country was preparing to embark on an enormous airship-building programme, was: No. It brought me a great deal of trouble. This time, therefore, I am going to take evasive action and to say that I have a limited belief in certain kinds of helicopter but that these kinds of helicopter are different from the most popular kinds of the present day!

A few weeks ago I related something about what was being done with suction wings and I indicated that by feeding engine power into the airstream we might be able eventually to build a fixed-wing aeroplane which would occupy little more room for landing and taking off than a helicopter.

**A**FTER all, a turbojet is a device for sucking and blowing; it sucks in air and blows out gases. And the most energetic aerodynamicists to-day believe that the lift of an ordinary wing can be greatly increased by exerting forcible control over the air-flow around it; by sucking and blowing. So the modern turbine engine does just what the aerodynamicist ordered, and it cannot be long before there occurs the final bringing together of wing and power unit to form a new kind of aeroplane.

When that new kind of aeroplane arrives, the field for the ordinary helicopter will become much restricted. Consequently I paid particular attention to what the Minister of Supply said in the House of Commons the other day when he was questioned about helicopter development. He told his questioner that the Ministry was supporting the work on two twin-engined rotary-wing aircraft, one being built by Bristol, the other by Fairey. He went on to reveal that it was the Government's intention to spend next year on helicopter research and development "more than twice as much as in the year now ended."



THE NEW GLOSTER JAVELIN, the fourth prototype, is shown engaged in intensive flight development trials. Regarded as the first British aircraft likely to carry air-to-air guided missiles, this delta-wing fighter is expected off the production lines later this year, ahead of schedule

That brings me back to my original answer that there are only some kinds of helicopter in which I believe. If we are going to spend more on imitations of American helicopters, I shall deplore the decision. If, on the other hand, we are going to give full opportunity to people like Hafner, of Bristol, and the Fairey design team, who are working on original lines, the money will be well spent.

**S**OME measure of the possibilities is given by the French S O 1221 two-seater, called the "Djinn." This has been going through its test programme with steadily-increasing success. It may be recalled that it has a lifting rotor which is driven by jets of compressed air. There is no mechanical drive from the engine; nor are there burners at the rotor blade-tips. There are simply nozzles. Compressed air is forced along the hollow blades and out at the nozzles. The rotor is, therefore, "blown" round.

The result of this arrangement is the quietest-running helicopter in existence and also one of the most manoeuvrable. The Djinn has established an international height record in its class and it has a reasonably good top speed. In short, it holds more promise than most kinds of rotary-wing machine. If our designers are going to be given the opportunity of working along original lines such as this, it will be all to the good.

**P**ARIS airport, it appears from some figures just issued, has gone ahead of London airport in the amount of freight handled. London is ahead of other European airports in aircraft movements and passengers handled; Paris comes next and Copenhagen third. Exactly why the freight totals are increasing so rapidly in Paris it is difficult to say. It may be an indication of things to come, for aircraft potentialities have never yet been exploited to the full in the field of freight carrying.

That deceptive expression the "ton-mile" or "tonne-kilometre" is part of the trouble. There are some hauliers who still try to think in terms of cost to the tonne-kilometre without taking time into account. But if that were the right argument, barge transport would be the only one in which economic results could be assured; for barge transport shows superior tonne-kilometre economy to any other form of transport. The truth is that time is part of the basic economic pattern, not an extra. And it is because it uses less time to the tonne-kilometre, even if it uses more fuel, man-power and the rest of it, that air transport can compete with road, rail and water transport and will in future compete even more effectively.

**O**F the dinner held in London by the Aircraft Golfing Society I shall hope to speak in a future article. The date has fallen this year at a time which prevents me from discussing it this week. President of the Society is Brig.-Gen. A. C. Critchley, the captain is Mr. H. W. Littleales, and the secretary is Mr. Brian D. Songhurst. There are other societies in aviation which have their interest in golf. This very sociable meeting will, judging by former ones, certainly be worth some further comment.





**MASTERS OF SPORT** photographed by **ERIC COOP**

**SIR JOHN BERRY HOBBS** had, and still holds, the deepest affections of the sporting public, founded as much on qualities of character as upon supreme cricketing achievement. In a game in which careers are apt to be meteoric, his status as a bright and steadfast star over more than thirty years is not likely to be challenged, for though his batting performances may in some instances have been exceeded by others, in sum total they are unique; while the imponderable essence of style with which they were accomplished now belongs to the world of legend—it no longer exists in this. To-day Jack Hobbs, at seventy-two, has the gait and vigour of a man twenty years his junior, plays golf twice weekly and daily attends his London sports outfitting business. This photograph well expresses a personality to which knighthood came as a most fitting reward





John French



# Fashion Choice of the Week

ON the opposite page we show a coat and a dress in a silky slub material that makes an excellent buy for the coming season. In colour a charming goldy-green, this two-piece, consisting of a full-length duster coat over a short-sleeved dress, is well-cut, versatile and, at 14½ gns., extremely good value for your money. It comes from Margaret Marks of Knightsbridge, who also supplies the other merchandise shown on these two pages

—MARIEL DEANS



A pretty black hat, trimmed with a yellow rose, to wear with the two-piece to some garden party occasion. It costs 69s.6d.



The plain and uncluttered lines of the coat mean that it makes an excellent evening wrap. We show it here worn with a short, primrose-yellow printed cotton dance frock that costs 10½ gns.



Here is the dress by itself. Notice the flattering bustline, the pretty little short sleeves and the long slimming line of the seams from bust to hem. The simple little straw hat, a dark version of the one shown on the opposite page, costs £2 19s. 11d.



# DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

**H**AVE been attempting to smooth down ravages of Easter school holidays, new terms, and fading of drawing-room curtains by unscheduled weekend at seaside hotel. Bright sunshine filtering through double windows and central heating persuades us that summer has come. We therefore clothe ourselves in unseasonable garments and try to convince B. and L. that it would be good to stop watching couples lackadaisically dancing in stuffy ballroom and come out for a nice fresh walk.

L. produces the unassailable excuse of a prior engagement for tea with mother of new friend, but B., having no other plans, condescends to accompany us.

**A**FTER marching briskly for some time against the piercing wind which scourges the cliffs, taking an intelligent interest in B.'s conversation, which at nine dwells fascinatedly on destruction, death and decomposition, we turn thankfully down a steep path to the beach.

Incredibly, beach proves to be out of wind, and it is possible, under shelter of a groyne and with one's eyes shut, to imagine that one is faced by the Mediterranean rather than the English Channel. We sit for some time throwing stones into water and answering B's questions as to what would happen if he fell into sea and got pneumonia—trying also not to reflect that having clambered down the steep cliff path to the sea involves clambering up it on return.

**W**AVES are breaking savagely against the point which lies immovably between us and our objective. At the suggestion that there might be a way round, B. panics and



reminds us that he has recently read a book in which the hero takes liberties with the tide and is only rescued from a watery grave by coastguards at enormous inconvenience.

We are just about to set unwilling feet on the slope up when a lady wearing fur-trimmed bedroom slippers and a mackintosh, and heavily laden with driftwood, materializes from a rift in the cliff. She informs us in a convincingly local accent that the tide is running out and that we will be able to get round the foot of the point in no time if we don't hurry too much. It will be nice for the Little Fellow, too, she adds, to see the Smugglers' Cave.

(Continued on page 365)



Gordon Lowe's jacket of black and white mixture tweed fastens with round silvery buttons. It has low-placed pockets, deep cuffs and a neat little turn-down collar. The amusing pull-on hat of black grosgrain, which comes from the same shop, and which can be rolled up, packed flat or otherwise ill-treated, is trimmed with narrow bands of straw



# New Coats — Old Setting

*AGAINST the background of the Tower of London (writes Mariel Deans) we show some coats that we think are due for a big success this summer. Presenting you with a mixed bag, suitable for a variety of occasions, practical or gay, in town or in the country, we voice at the same time our fervent wish that the sun will shine on all of them*



A magnificent coat in pure cotton damask from the French collection at Peter Robinson. In two tones of grey, it has beautifully rounded, padded shoulders and steeply sloping cuffed pockets. Unlined and without fastenings, it makes a beautiful and rather grand daytime coat, or could be worn in the evening. The little flat-crowned hat in white straw is trimmed with black velvet

Continued  
overleaf



# CONTINUING— DIARY OF A LADY . . .

We hastily muffle the Little Fellow's comments that caves are dangerous and that he once read a book when the roof fell in on some people who were exploring one, and thank the lady profusely. We then set out on our way, hopping across boulders sharply encrusted with limpet shells and barnacles which, as the Little Fellow does not fail to say, will cut our shoes to ribbons in no time. Reaching the Smugglers' Cave, a sewer-like tunnel thrusting far on into darkness, we are tempted to venture a few yards into its black and odoriferous depths, while B. stands at the entrance telling us that if we talk too loudly avalanches are liable to fall from the roof.

**B**y the time we have finished with the cave, more rocks are raising wet shoulders from the sea at the foot of the point and we decide to press on. Nearer to, however, the wet rocks turn out to be neck-deep in grey-green swaying water, and short of swimming, for which we are neither equipped nor inclined, the only escape is to wait for the water to go down. After shattering by simple contradiction B.'s insistence that the tide is rising, we prepare to wait.

**I**n about forty-five minutes the water has fallen enough for us to leap like chamois from rock to rock, only descending into a pool just before landing. "Oh, dear," says B. in sepulchral tones, "out of the



frying pan into the fire!" It is even so, yet another long high point being seen to interpose itself wrapped in spray, between us and our goal. We embark on a spirited discussion as to whether it is more satisfactory to wait longer, or to cut losses, and retrace footsteps along beach and cliff—but eventually conclude that either procedure is bound to make us late for dinner and that it is more sensible to reserve strength for unknown ordeals possibly lurking round next point. Husband measures distances between more rocks and heights of waves, B. mutters that L. and management will think us drowned, and I recline among fresh set of boulders, while surf clangs at shingle and gulls moan miserably from top of cliff.

**E**VENTUALLY we tiptoe on wobbling stepping stones round the point, into civilization and ice-cream cartons, and soon slink into the foyer of the hotel where faultlessly attired fellow-guests are already encouraging appetite with gin. When we retire blushing into mirror-hung lift, I realize what fellow-guests have been politely not staring at. So many of the boulders on which I have reclined seemed attractively white and smooth—it is now painfully obvious that they were composed, like most of the southern coast of the island fortress, of wet, white chalk.

—Diana Gillon





# ... New Coats Old Setting

(On the opposite page) Swan and Edgar's striking duster coat is made of embossed cotton, white on gun metal. It has wide three-quarter-length sleeves, is unlined, cool as a sea breeze for heat wave wear. The shallow crowned white straw hat also comes from this shop

(Below) Another French coat, this time inspired by Nina Ricci, comes from Selfridges. Made of fine navy blue wool with a flash of white piqué at collar and cuffs, it is single breasted with a closely fitted waist and well-cut revers. This coat again has a wide and well rounded shoulder line. Selfridges provide the pretty little boater





## SHOPPING



A new version of the two-piece glove theme. Nylon back for light elegance, and kid palm for durability and perfect fit. Made by the famous French glove house—Gant Perrin—exclusively for Marshall & Snelgrove. Price 35s. a pair

## The Merry Month of May



Charming and inexpensive jewellery in white and gold for the débutante. Necklace 37s. 6d., ear-rings 27s. 6d., brooch 27s. 6d. From Bourne & Hollingsworth

FOR this, "the only pretty ring time," I have chosen these light-hearted accessories. They have the gaiety that matches up with dates for débutantes, and are "seasonably" smart and up to the minute

—JEAN CLELAND



Variations on the neckwear theme. Perfect for the young girl. Organdie sailor collar, 27s. 6d., piqué sailor collar 45s., organdie bow 21s., silk piqué collar with flower motif 21s. 9d. From Debenham & Freebody



## BEAUTY

THE "FLOURISH"  
OF DEBS

IN Scotland they use a word to describe the spring of the year that I have always found enchanting. When the buds of the trees and the hedgerows are just about to open, and show their first hint of green in a soft hazy mist, the Scots call it the "Flourish."

Each season, when I see young débutantes getting ready to "come out," I think of this. They, too, are on the brink of their first lovely flowering. Busy being groomed and fitted, and put through the refining process that subtly but surely transforms them from hearty school lasses into charming young girls.

How is it done, this metamorphosis that takes place every year? Done so quickly that it seems as if they are barging around with a lacrosse stick one moment and dropping curtsies with the utmost grace the next.

I discussed this mystery with one of last season's most charming débutantes, Lady Deirdre Hare, daughter of the Countess of Listowel. "What happens," I asked her, "to the puppy fat, the awkward movements, the shy manner?" Paris, in her opinion, seems to be the answer. "Many of the girls go there after leaving school," she said, "and it does seem to rub off the rough edges very quickly, and give polish and finish. As for the puppy fat, that usually disappears on its own, as soon as one gets away from school food. By which I mean," she explained, "as soon as one starts eating salads and fruit, in place of starchy things like puddings and potatoes."

ONE remark made by Lady Deirdre—who is in her first year at Oxford University studying English literature—would, I think, have pleased Lady Listowel had she been in the room. I was asking about make-up; whether the majority of débutantes use it, and whether they go to the beauty salons for advice. "Most of them use a little," she said, "and some of them go to the salons. I went once myself in reply to an invitation from Cyclax, but in the main, I think most of us do what our mothers tell us."

This, according to the Cyclax salon, where I chatted again on the subject, does not apply to *all* daughters, many of whom are brought in by their mothers with the request, "You tell them what to do. They'll take it better from you."

"MOTHERS," said Mrs. Jones—in charge during the absence of Thelma Holland—"are very sensible in these days. Year by year more and more of them send their daughters to us, and this season we have over three hundred débutantes, all of whom are learning how to look after their complexions at home."

Mrs. Jones said that she was most impressed last year, at the Queen Charlotte's Ball, when, after the cutting of the cake, the débutantes were presented by Cyclax (as always) with a little present of preparations. As each one was given her parcel, she received it with a curtsy. A sure sign of grace and of the good manners that are so attractive.

Before leaving, I asked Mrs. Jones if she noticed any change in the débutantes of today from those of a few years ago. "Yes," she said, "I most certainly do. Most of them now are busy learning a job. Some take a commercial course, with shorthand and typewriting, others go in for domestic economy, but whatever it is, they do really get down to it."

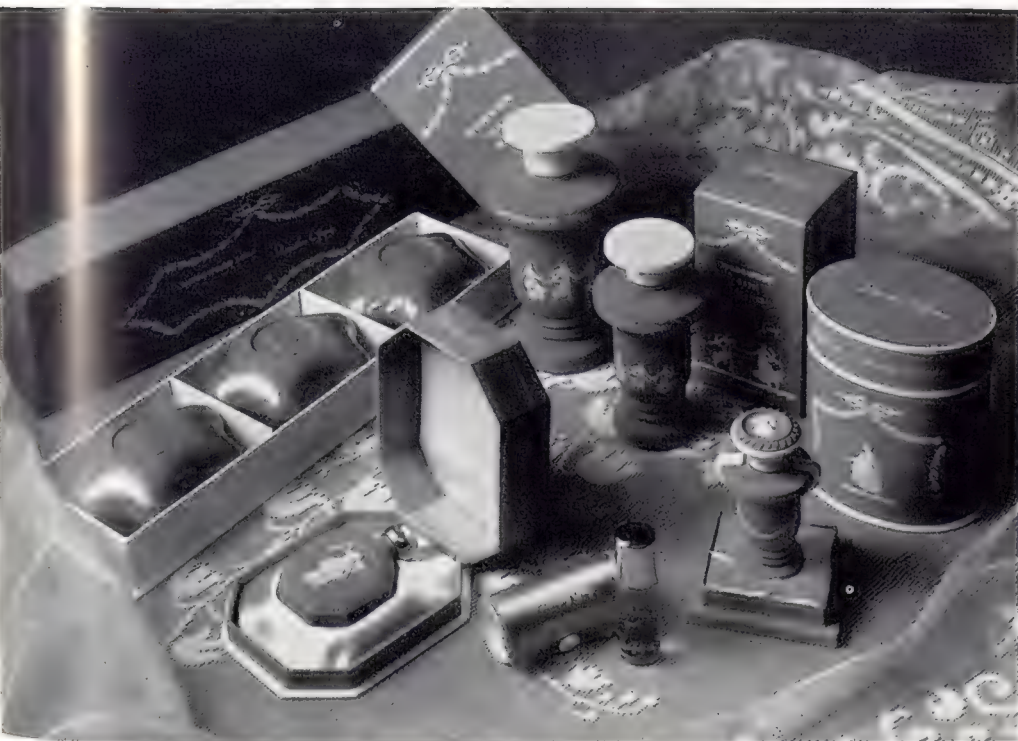
To sum up, it seems that modern débutantes are practical as well as attractive. Lovely to look at, delightful to know.

—J. C.



A sleek and shining hair style designed for a young girl by Alan Spiers

Smart summer stole made of artificial straw in a charming shell pattern with deep fringe. In white, red and black. Price £6. From Harrods



Dennis Smith

Something entirely new is this exquisite "Wedgwood" range specially created for Dorothy Gray Ltd., by Josiah Wedgwood & Sons. Bath luxuries and perfumes can all be had in this famous design, with prices ranging from 3s. 9d. for single tablets of soap, to 7 guineas for the "Wedgwood Vase Perfume" whose cap is topped with an original Wedgwood cameo. From Dorothy Gray and most good stores



# ENGAGEMENTS



Fayer

Miss Sarah Josephine Acland, daughter of Sir William and Lady Acland, of Barnes Wood, Welwyn, Herts, is to marry Mr. George Edward Brown, of Worcester Park, Surrey, son of the late Mr. Frederick Brown, and Mrs. Brown



## WENDELL—HYSLOP

At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Capt. Jac Wendell, Grenadier Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wendell, of Wilton Crescent, S.W.1, married Miss A. Maxwell Hyslop, daughter of Major H. J. M. Hyslop, of Sussex, and Mrs. M. Eltrington, of Headfort Place, S.W.1.



## LITTON—COOK

Mr. Michael Champernowne Litton, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Litton, of Childe Okeford, Dorset, married Miss Rosemary Cook, second daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Cook, of Sennowe Park, Guist, Norfolk, at St. Andrew's, Great Ryburgh

# THEY WERE MARRIED The TATLER'S Review



Harlip

Miss Cecelia Elizabeth Crawford, daughter of Col. Mervyn Crawford, D.S.O., and Mrs. Crawford, of Dalgonar, Dunscore, Dumfriesshire, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Harry Morton Neal, son of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Neal, of Legsheath Farm, East Grinstead, Sussex



## CHAPIN—O'BRIEN

Dr. Horace Beecher Chapin, son of Mr. H. H. Chapin and the late Mrs. Chapin, of Batavia, Genesee County, New York, married the Hon. Deirdre O'Brien, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Inchiquin, of Dromoland Castle, Co. Clare, at Kilnasoolagh Church, Co. Clare, Eire



## THOMPSON—MEREDITH

At St. Francis' Church, Karen, Nairobi, Mr. Anthony Thompson, of Arusha, Tanganyika, only son of Col. A. G. B. Thompson, O.B.E., of Lincoln's Inn, London, and Mrs. J. W. Wilkinson, of Karen, Nairobi, married Miss Stephanie Meredith, younger daughter of Sir Ribton and Lady Meredith, of Karen



Lenare

Miss Helen E. Halford, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil F. Halford, of the Mill House, Broughton, near Stockbridge, Hampshire, is engaged to be married to Mr. Denis A. Faulkner, younger son of Major and Mrs. Hamlyn G. Faulkner, of Tanganyika Territory



## JAMES—ALLEN

Dr. Thomas Morgan James, elder son of Mr. J. J. W. James, M.C., of Kingscote Road, Birmingham, and the late Mrs. James, married Miss Lysbeth Allen, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Allen, of the Old Rectory, Hagley, Worcs, at St. Peter's Church, Pedmore



## CONSTANTINE—COTTER

At St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, Mr. Joseph Constantine, second son of Mr. R. A. Constantine, T.D., J.P., and Mrs. Constantine, of Tanton Grange, Stokesley, Yorkshire, married Miss Mary-Rose Cotter, younger daughter of Mr. H. L. M. Cotter and of Lady Ley





*Trousseaux for Summer Brides by*

A gown of figured brocade,  
from the Gainsborough Room

*Debenham & Freebody*

WIGMORE STREET, W.1.





THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL at Charterhouse (right), designed by Sir Giles Scott, combines with the Victorian Gothic of Hardwick to give a picturesque background for the statue of William Haig-Brown, under whom the School migrated to Godalming

## OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By S. A. PATMAN

# The Sharpshooters Of Charterhouse

THE Charterhouse School was moved to Godalming in 1872 from the site at Smithfield (once a Carthusian monastery) which it had occupied since 1611. The migration was inspired by William Haig-Brown, headmaster from 1863 to 1897, whose seated statue by Bates, looking southward across Green, is an admirable work and faithful likeness.

The seventies were not a notable period of English architecture and imagination was exhausted by the effort of migration; the inevitable expansion was not foreseen. The three London houses under their old names were reproduced in the Victorian Gothic of Philip Hardwick; the other eight houses were built at various dates by individual house-masters with no common architect and no common plan. The unrivalled spread of playing-fields and Sir Giles Scott's noble Memorial Chapel are the costly provision of later years.

COMING to the realm of sport, it is worth recording that the Charterhouse VIII entered for the Ashburton Shield for shooting were, in the sixteen years from 1889, only three times placed lower than third; and after 1914 the *Country Life* Cup was won seven times out of eight, a feat that in the wider and fiercer competition of today could hardly happen again.

It is common knowledge that the game of Association football took shape at the two historic schools of Westminster and Charterhouse. But if Charterhouse can claim to be the premier Soccer school it is chiefly through the exploits of the Old Carthusians. In the Arthur Dunn Cup they have

by far the best record in the competition and recently won the trophy for the fifteenth time, defeating the prophets as well as the holders, Old Salopians, who stand second with eight wins.

EARLIER still, the Old Carthusians were the first winners of the Amateur Cup inaugurated sixty years ago, when they defeated the Casuals at Richmond, and in the four years in which they competed reached the final three times and won it twice. In the incomparable Corinthian sides of the nineties Carthusians were always prominent, and among their many internationals were the famous full backs, A. M. and P. M. Walters, W. N. Cobbold, "prince of dribblers," and G. O. Smith, who played twenty times for England. C. Wreford-Brown not only played for England, but added (without premedita-

tion) the word "Soccer" to the language. Another stalwart of those days, the Rev. W. E. Gilliat, represented England in 1893, and is still a familiar figure at matches. In later years only A. G. Bower achieved full international honours.

IT was not until the 1930s that Charterhouse cricket reached the level of Charterhouse football. In the early days the game suffered from too few and too rough pitches; and while in 1897 ten Carthusians played in the Varsity soccer match, only five made any mark in first-class cricket in the whole decade; and G. O. Smith's glory was limited to one historic innings against Cambridge in 1896. No doubt the best Carthusian batsman before the advent of Peter May fifty years later was F. L. Fane, the old Essex captain. Other well-known Charterhouse cricketers include G. T. Branstons, C. V. L. Hooman, H. A. Gilbert, R. C. Robertson-Glasgow, the gifted writer, G. D. Kemp-Welch, T. R. Garnett and J. M. Lomas.

At rackets the school has failed to maintain its former eminence; when last a Charterhouse pair were successful at Queen's Club, only Harrow had a better record, but that was forty years ago. The standard of Eton fives is generally good, and in 1949 the Kinraid Cup was won by two members of Brooke Hall—the traditional name of the Senior Common Room—A. J. Wreford-Brown and T. R. Garnett, now Master of Marlborough. Since then the brothers May have won twice in succession, but with Peter May absent in the West Indies with the M.C.C. team, they could not compete this year.

GOLF, like lawn tennis, has never been more than tolerated, yet in the Halford Hewitt Cup the record of the Carthusians, with the cheerful pugnacity noted by Bernard Darwin, is remarkable. In the first sixteen years of the competition they won it seven times, but have since been successful only once in 1949.

Hockey is played under difficulties in competition with football; yet results are creditable. Another popular sport which must at least be mentioned is sailing on Frensham Great Pond.



CHARTERHOUSE CRICKET XI, 1953. Standing: M. D. Livock, G. D. Roydon, D. R. Curtis, D. J. Bayfield, B. N. S. Gemmel, G. E. F. Gross. Seated: M. C. Bryant, J. A. C. Cann (hon. sec.), H. C. Cairns (captain), J. C. D. Pilley, R. I. G. Hardcastle





*Ford sets the fashion*

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## Book Reviews (Continuing from p.358)

# A COUTURIER SPEAKS

**H**ARDY AMIES gives us, in *JUST SO FAR* (Collins, 15s.), a part-autobiography, part-dissertation on design which will be of interest to many. *Haute couture* as a subject is on a level far above "talking clothes"; its apparent mysteries yield their measure of sense. And, indeed, the more often a man of action (in whatever field) takes up the pen, the better we are for it—one gains by learning not only how things are done but how such-and-such a person has come to do them. When a specialist writes, he dispels the nonsense which may surround his subject. Hardy Amies was born in the ambience of the dress world (his mother was a *tendresse* in a Court dress-making establishment; as an infant he played with scraps of fabric) and has progressed rapidly to its centre.

No career worth making is easy; one learns, indeed, not a little by one's false starts and *contretemps*. By the time Mr. Amies moved into Savile Row, considerable experience was behind him; more was to come.

**E**XACTLY how it came, and what it taught, he narrates in a manner modest and engaging. In itself, *Just So Far* is a disarming title. In the field he has entered, he stakes a claim—one may feel, indisputably—for his own sex:

"I do not think girls have half as much chance of being successful designers as do boys. To be a successful designer you must be objective: you must be able to view womankind and their clothes as a whole; you must be able to design for all types of women, and you must be able to view them dispassionately. Very few women can do this."

Chapter X, "Haute Couture and Its Outside Relations," contains some illuminating facts—not least, as to the export aspect. British dress design, we are reminded, is not only an art; it fathers an industry. We are no less through this than through other ways making an impact upon the world; London, increasingly, stands for something not less than Paris, inimitable even by New York . . . Hardy Amies's remarks on how economics, and also the changing pattern of social life, affect not only fashion but the "great houses" are sane and valuable.

## GRAMOPHONE NOTES

**L**AST autumn the young Russian violinist Igor Oistrakh made his first appearance in London and Paris, creating a considerable impression with the press and the public. But for the fact that he is the son of David Oistrakh, himself a very great violinist, it could be regarded as phenomenal that Igor Oistrakh is so fine an executant. He has recorded Khachaturian's "Concerto For Violin And Orchestra," dedicated to his father, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Goossens, which has recently been released.

There is a wartime recording of the work with Oistrakh senior as soloist, but it is in no way comparable with the present issue.

The work gives plenty of scope for virtuosity and Igor Oistrakh makes the most of the opportunities afforded him by a display of outstanding brilliance. He plays with an effortless style that is a delight, at the same time showing that he has more than warmth of tone. The support given to him by the Philharmonia and conductor Goossens is of the very best, indeed this recording is in every way outstanding. (Columbia 33CX. 1141.)

Robert Tredinnick



BURNING UP THE DUST of the Dark Continent are Henrique and Elisabet Rodrigues, aged four years and fourteen months respectively. Their parents are Mr. and Mrs. J. Augusto Rodrigues of Vila Pery, Portuguese East Africa



IN FAR MALACCA, Juliet and Andrew Hutchinson continue the British toddler's way of life. They are the children of Capt. Peter Hutchin, 1st Bn., Gordon Highlanders, and Mrs. Hutchinson



"COACH AND HORSES" is the game played by Graham and Michael Weeks in their parents' orchard. Sons of Mr. and Mrs. Philip B. Weeks, they live at Dutch Cottage, Laverton, Bath



WE WELCOME HERE family snapshots submitted by readers, which we are confident will have an appeal to a wider circle of friends. The Editor is always pleased to see further contributions



CHARLES EARLE, eldest son of Major David Earle, R.A., and Mrs. Earle, of Manor Farm, Compton Bassett, near Calne, Wilts, comes of a long line of Gunners. His grandfather is Brig. E. G. Earle, D.S.O., High Sheriff of Bucks. At present Major Hale is in the Canal Zone



WITH A BALL AND A BASKET are David and Julia Irwin, children of Lt.-Cdr. T. P. Irwin, R.N., and Mrs. Irwin, of Funtington, Sussex, and Jersey, G.I.

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
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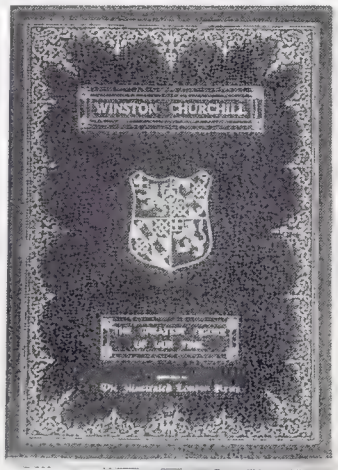


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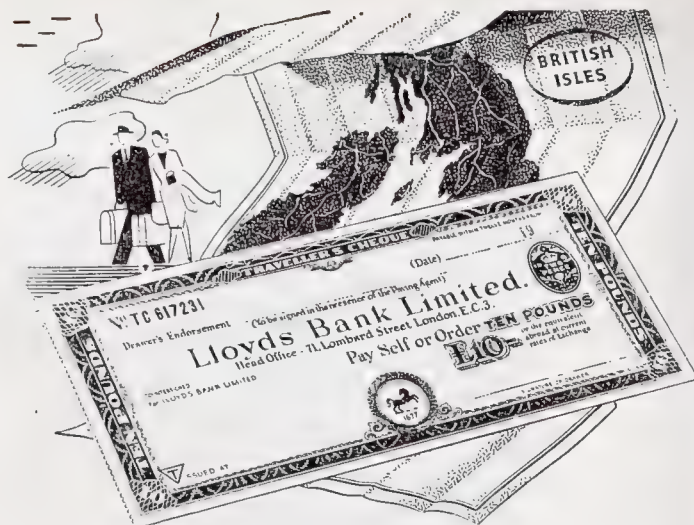
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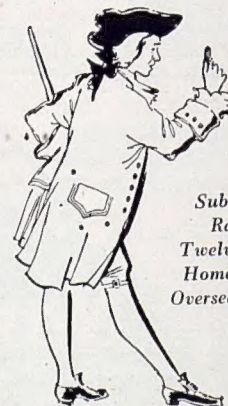


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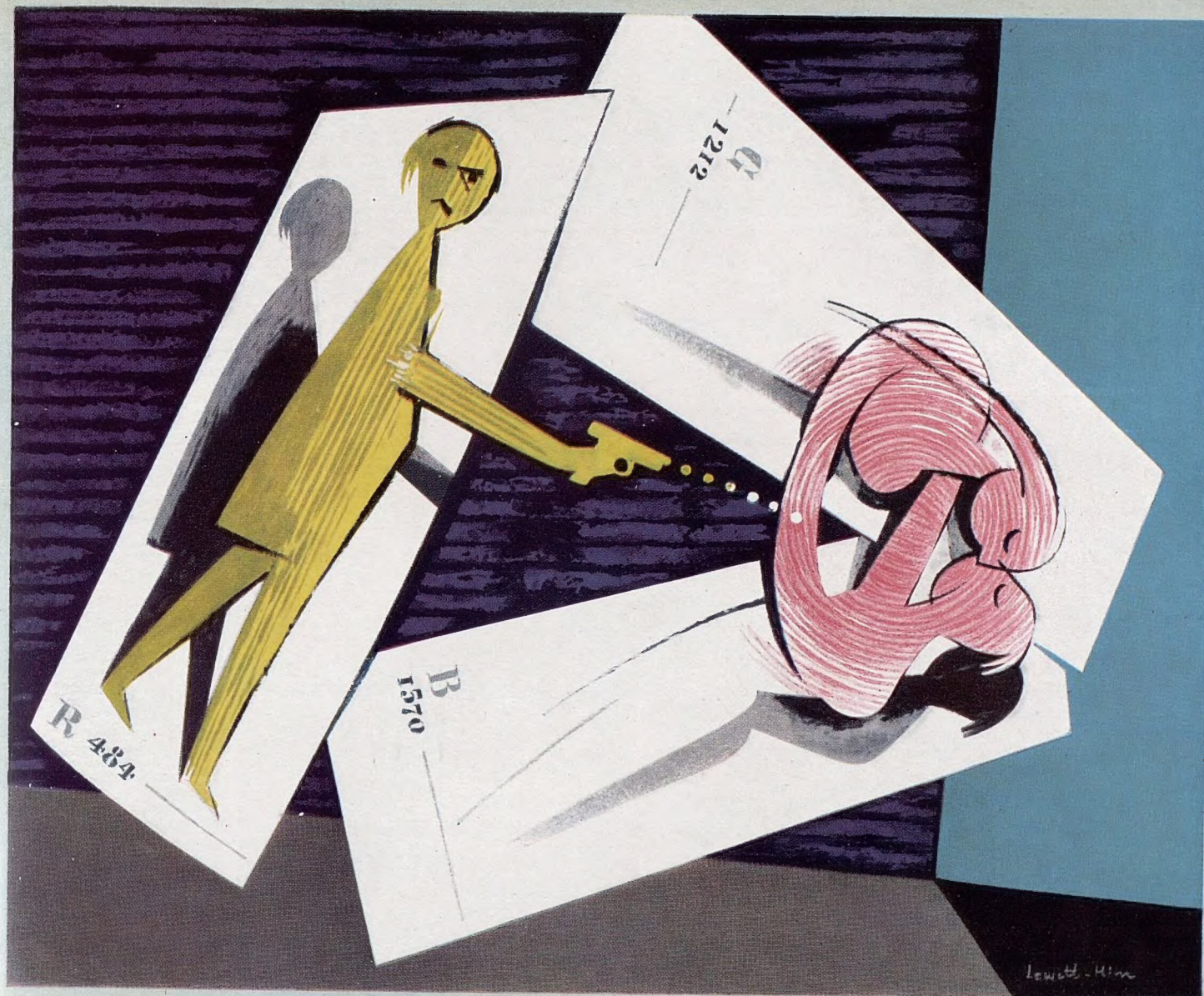
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Strand, London. W.C.2





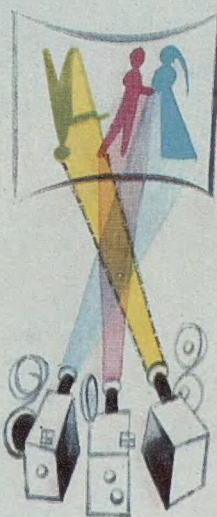
## The Schweppshire Way of Life

### 3. COUNTY INSTITUTE OF CAREERISATION

In Schweppshire old crudities are abandoned, ancient myths dispelled. We no longer imagine that (a) we know what we know, nor what (b) we are nor still less (c) what we want to be.

By a simple system of bloodgrouping, footprinting and the totally irrelevant questionnaire, not only are our careers decided for us but, more revolutionarily, the problems of everyday life. "Shall I take a Bicycle holiday in the Lakes?" Insert your career card, press buttons 786, 33 and 412, and the Electronic Mixer will tell you what to do.

"Cards" with holes punctured in the appropriate places, look like, and often are, old pianola rolls. The form, which may take four months to fill up, contains typical simple questions which must be



answered with "YES", "NO", or "SORT OF" e.g. *Do you hate Handel? Do you like being photographed? Do you pronounce "Often" "orfn"? Do you only cut toenails when they saw through socks? Do you have greengrocer whose mother voted Liberal? Do you think of radio short-waves as looking like a gunners' tie?*

By Schweppidiascope attachment (see inset) your future career is projected on to a screen. If, in answer to the question "Am I a rejected lover or a loyal wife", the reply is "no answer", it does not mean that the machine has gone wrong. It can safely be said that for the era which gave the wrong jobs to the right people, we have substituted the Age of the Wrong People in the Right Jobs.

*Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him.*

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH





## *EAGLES THROUGH THE AGES*



THE sign of the black spread eagle has been associated with Barclays Bank for more than three centuries. It was hanging in Lombard Street at least from the late seventeenth century, when, in another part of the street, John Freame started the business which later became Barclays Bank. In 1728, when he moved to the house of the eagle (the present Head Office of the Bank), he retained the sign. In 1937 arms were granted to Barclays Bank, in which the black spread eagle and another ancient Lombard Street sign—the three crowns—were incorporated. They are illustrated here together with an illuminated border. The heraldic description reads : Argent an Eagle displayed Sable charged on the body and on each wing with a Ducal coronet of the field.

*The Eagle has a special significance in the rich tapestry of heraldry, characterising supreme strength and endurance. In this present era, the Goodyear Eagle marks a similar alliance. Powerful in appearance, unequalled in craftsmanship, it is the ultimate in car tyre quality; providing dependability, long life and lasting wear. The Eagle by Goodyear is outstanding value for the bigger car.*



*Issued by The Goodyear Tyre & Rubber Co. (Gt. Britain) Ltd., Wolverhampton.*